

STORY AND PLAY READERS

VOLUME I
SIXTH YEAR



ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS
—
MARGARET KNOX



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STORY AND PLAY
READERS

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EDITED BY

ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS

Director of the Dramatic Club, Public School No. 15,
Borough of Manhattan, New York City

IN COLLABORATION WITH

MARGARET KNOX

Principal of Public School No. 15, Borough
of Manhattan, New York City

VOLUME I

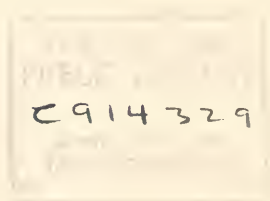
SIXTH YEAR



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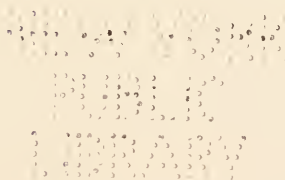
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TO all the Boys and Girls
 who in the great public
 school system of America are
 reading the literature of all
 lands this book is dedicated,
 with the hope that through its
 pages a deeper love for read-
 ing will be inculcated and a
 greater desire to read to others.

MARGARET KNOX,

ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.



INTRODUCTION

What to read and how to read it,—these are the problems that confront the teachers of the grammar grades. For the primary grade teachers these matters are easily settled. Our little children's desire to read the printed page is enough impetus to carry them successfully through book after book even though the content be of little value as literature. It is when this period of teaching the mechanics of reading is past, that both teacher and class lose interest in the effort to master the printed page, and our children's reading deteriorates. The reading period is usually a dull uninteresting time, when the children, in careless, slovenly manner, run through page after page of text, which makes little or no impression, however literary it may be, because of the lack of vital interest that is aroused in the child's mind.

It may be that most of us feel, that once the child has learned to read, there is no further need for oral reading except for practice, occasionally, in pronunciation, punctuation, and in the more difficult and obscure formalities of the text. Reading, now, is to be left to the children themselves for the pleasurable acquiring of knowledge, and for acquaintance with literature.

But, we, as teachers, must not allow ourselves to get into the habit of making the reading period a resting place in the busy day. We must remember that *reading* in itself is the most important of all subjects, because through it, language, our means of intercourse with all peoples in all subjects, is developed.

Through reading we have our opportunity to teach our greatest moral and ethical lessons, and to build up, through the appeal to the emotions, the fine well-rounded character of the cultivated man and woman. Does not the teaching of reading really mean teaching our children to understand all the mighty thoughts of the world, whether they be expressed in music, or poetry, or art, or in the characters of the heroes of literature?

If reading is understanding, let us not push it aside then, as unimportant, in the rush and hurry of our modern life; but let us take up this lost art again, and really learn to read. Let us go back to the age when to be the reader of a community was to be the teacher. When books were scarce and reading was not a general accomplishment the one who could and would read, commanded the respect and admiration of all the countryside. We hear of neighborhoods in our grandfathers' day where the farm laborers were held in thrall by the reading of a little girl of twelve. She used to borrow the *Waverley Novels*, and these men and women, tired by a day of hard toil, would sit around an open fire on the hearth in the evening, while one of their number held a blazing pine knot as a torch to shed its light on the pages of her book, and listen, all eyes and ears, to the dramatic reading of the thrilling tales, by this girl.

Do we not find this repeated in our own experience to-day, when, during a holiday time or a day of leisure, we can snatch a quiet evening to stay at home? What greater pleasure can there be than to gather about the open fire and while we sew or knit or employ our hands in some light task, listen to a good reader and live with him through the scenes of the good old books?

But, then comes the criticism: "How few people read

well! How few people speak well! Most people pronounce badly, enunciate poorly, have unpleasant voices!" They close their lips and shut in their voices so that the discordant sounds emitted are annoying and make the hearer long to run away. Read Hamlet's advice to the players. How adequately Shakespeare has set forth the requisites of a good speaker or reader. We cannot all have the "golden voice" of a Julia Marlowe, or the smoothness of speech of a Forbes-Robertson; but by careful drill we can acquire a well modulated voice, and by constant practice all can achieve perfect enunciation. It takes years of practice to acquire the technique and expression of the skilled pianist or violinist. This same practice would make the precious instrument that we all have, a trained organ under our control, that would richly repay us for the labor, in the pleasure we give to others by our speaking voice and by reading aloud.

And so, with the old-fashioned notion strongly before us that reading means not only getting the thought from the printed page, and widening our knowledge of literature, but giving this thought expression in beautiful language:—the words pronounced correctly and enunciated clearly, with voice well-modulated, full and rich, and the soul given an opportunity to express itself in the sympathetic rehearsing of the writer's thoughts;—we have gathered, in this series of Readers, a number of selections suitable for oral reading.

We believe thoroughly that the reading text-books in the pupils' hands should contain a wealth of good literary selections that will acquaint them not only with the style of the various writers, but also with the biographies of great and good men and women and stories of the interest-

ing lives of history and legend, thus giving opportunities for study of character; but we feel that a Reader should go a step further.

We fall back upon the psychology of modern teaching and hold that no matter what effect a fine bit of literature has upon the child mind, at the time of reading, there is little or no lasting impression made unless there is an opportunity for expression. We desire to give all the children of the classes using these books an opportunity not only to read for themselves in order to get the thought, but that they shall give it back in well expressed oral reproduction of the story. In other words, we want our young people to tell the stories again and again, to play the play again and again, and in this way, not only to gain knowledge of literature and to receive pleasure themselves, but to give pleasure and instruction to all who hear them. For the time being, they become the characters and live the lives which they depict. This will not make actors and actresses of the children, but in living these characters, they will learn how to act in their own lives.

The teacher should conduct these reading lessons in such a way that every child in the class will take part. Now one and now another may take the rôle of leading characters, while all those, not having a speaking part, may be occupied as chorus or mob or populace, or in some capacity, as supernumeraries.

It is this spirit of coöperative rivalry in producing the play well that will teach children to speak our language correctly and beautifully, as well as to read well.

I speak from a long experience with elementary school children when I say that there is no better training in intelligent reading and in clear expression of thought than this use of dramatic selections for class exercises and it is

with a wish that every school girl and boy, not only will read and act the stories given in these books, but will read and act many other stories as they meet them in the literature of all languages.

May the boys and girls of other schools get for themselves, and give to others, as much pleasure as the boys and girls of Public School 15 have received and given, in the reading of these dramatic selections; and may they be encouraged to continue reading orally and dramatically for their classmates, and later for their family and friends, until our language as spoken by them, may be "a well of English undefiled."

MARGARET KNOX,

February 17, 1917.

Principal of Public
School 15, Manhattan.

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STORY AND PLAY
READERS

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SCENES FROM "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Time: 1805-1863.

Place: New Orleans; on board ship.

CHARACTERS

PHILIP NOLAN, *The Man Without a Country*

COLONEL MORGAN and other military officers

Naval Officers

Slaves on ship, etc.

FIRST SCENE

[*The Court-Martial.*]

[COLONEL MORGAN *and Military Officers seated.* PHILIP NOLAN, *the prisoner, standing.*]

COLONEL MORGAN. State the charge against this young man, Philip Nolan.

AN OFFICER. [*Standing.*] Philip Nolan, the man before us, is involved in the conspiracy formed by that brilliant and villainous man, Aaron Burr. Prior to the meeting with Burr he was considered one of our most promising young army men, although his bringing up was not conducive to American ideals.

COLONEL MORGAN. Explain that last statement.

OFFICER. Nolan was brought up on a Southern plantation where the only strangers he met were Spanish officers and French merchants. His tutor was an Englishman.

COLONEL MORGAN. These facts do not in any way mitigate the crime that this man has committed or is supposed to have committed in plotting against his country. What part did Aaron Burr take in the prisoner's downfall?

OFFICER. Aaron Burr, by flattery, got this young man under his control. When Burr failed to satisfy his political ambition in the East, he collected soldiers and adventurers from our Western states, sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi to carry out some schemes no one can understand. As you know, we think that his plan was to establish a personal government in the Southwest, possibly including the Spanish possessions in Mexico. He needed information about these rivers, about the forts, etc. This was supplied by Philip Nolan!

COLONEL MORGAN. Philip Nolan, is there anything that you wish to say to show that you have been faithful to the United States?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*In a fit of frenzy.*] Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!

[*For a moment not a movement was made; all so shocked that speech was impossible. Then all silently rise and pass out. In a few minutes they return.*]

COLONEL MORGAN. [*Very white and very stern.*] Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides,

subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again. [NOLAN *begins to laugh, then stops suddenly as if realizing the deep gloom of the others.*]

Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there. [MR. MARSHAL, *calling an attendant, has PHILIP NOLAN taken out of the room.*] Mr. Marshal, see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without delay. [*All pass out.*]

SECOND SCENE

[*On Board a Government Vessel.*]

[*The CAPTAIN and Navy Officers in conference.*]

CAPTAIN. [*Holding letter.*] It is necessary for you all to understand the case of Philip Nolan, the man brought to our ship to-day. This letter explains it. [*Reads.*]

WASHINGTON, November 6, 1807.

Sir:—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court-martial, expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might “never hear of the United States again.”

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHARD,

For the Secretary of the Navy.

[*Folding letter.*] The way that I understand the case, this Philip Nolan is to be transferred from one government ship to another at the end of each cruise, but never to touch land. The rest is plainly explained in the letter that I have read to you. You, the officers, must see that the order is obeyed in every particular.

FIRST OFFICER. There will ensue great dissatisfaction among our men who are so unfortunate as to have him at

mess. His presence will preclude all conversation about home, or politics.

CAPTAIN. Let a regular plan be organized. A different mess will invite him each day of the week. That will lessen the hardship for our men. [*All standing.*] I depend on you to see that this is done. [*All pass out talking.*]

THIRD SCENE

[*PHILIP NOLAN realizes his mistake.*]

[*A group of the men sitting smoking and reading. LIEUTENANT PHILLIPS comes up carrying a number of books.*]

FIRST MAN. Look out there, Phillips, poor Plain-Buttons * will be coming along soon.

PHILLIPS. Why, man alive, I've even taken out "The Tempest" because old Shaw said that the Bermudas ought to belong to the United States, and by Jove, should some day. Here is a new one by Sir Walter Scott, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Let's get old Plain-Buttons [*as NOLAN came up*] to read it aloud—he is the best reader on the ship.

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Taking book that PHILLIPS hands him and opening it at random, begins to read.*]

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

* (NOTE.—While Philip Nolan always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.)

[The men look, with frightened faces, at each other. NOLAN half hesitates, turns pale, and reads on.]

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,—''

[Dashing the book into the sea, PHILIP NOLAN rushes to his stateroom. The men, very much excited, pass out.]

FOURTH SCENE

[The Slave-Ship.]

[After the laws were passed forbidding the importation of slaves, the government ship, on which was PHILIP NOLAN, was ordered to the South Atlantic to watch for illegal slave dealing. It overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on her. OFFICER VAUGHAN was sent to take charge of her. After a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask if any one of the men could speak Portuguese.]

CAPTAIN. *[Turning to all the men crowded at the side of the ship, pointing and talking about the slave schooner.]*
Officer Vaughan, who was sent to take charge of the dirty little schooner yonder, containing many slaves, has sent back word that he cannot understand their language.

They speak Portuguese. Does any one understand that language? [*As the men look inquiringly at each other, NOLAN steps forward.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. I shall be glad to interpret, if you wish it. I understand the language.

CAPTAIN. Thank you. [*Turning to a few of his men and a boy.*] You go with Mr. Nolan to the boat. [*They pass out and come on boat where VAUGHAN, standing on a hogshead, is trying, in snatches from many languages, to quiet the Negro slaves.*]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand anything? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English. [*A yell from the crew of the schooner who, handcuffed, were huddled in the corner.*] I knocked off these fellows' manacles and had them put on those rascals over there; but I can't make the poor devils understand that they are free.

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Stepping toward the Negroes.*] I can understand their language and speak it. I shall talk to them.

OFFICER VAUGHAN. Tell them they are free, and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough.

[*NOLAN begins talking softly to the Negroes; they begin*

to yell with delight, to leap and dance; throwing themselves down and kissing NOLAN's feet.]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. [*Very pleased.*] Tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas. [NOLAN *again spoke to them but instead of smiles they began to wail.*]

What do they say?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Wiping the perspiration from his white forehead.*] They say, "Not Palmas." They say, "Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women." This one says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. [*In very husky tone.*] This one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. [*Choking.*] That he has not heard a word from his home in six months. [*The Negroes stop wailing at the sight of NOLAN's agony.*]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. [*With great sympathy in voice.*] Tell them "Yes, yes, yes." Tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!

[NOLAN *speaks softly to the Negroes. They all fall kissing him again. NOLAN turns a despairing look toward OFFICER VAUGHAN, who motions for him and the boy to go back to their ship.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Turning to boy.*] Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home,

and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy, forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy [*gulping*] and for that flag [*pointing toward the flag on the ship*], never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!

BOY. [*Frightened at NOLAN's manner.*] I will, sir, I never thought of doing anything else!

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Almost in a whisper.*] O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age! [*Both pass out.*]

FIFTH SCENE

[*At the deathbed of PHILIP NOLAN—1863.*]

[PHILIP NOLAN *lying in his berth. At the head the Stars and Stripes are draped around a picture of Washington; above a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed, had been painted by NOLAN. At the foot of the bed a great map of the United States, drawn from memory, with quaint, queer old names on it, in large letters: Indiana Territory, Mississippi Territory and Louisiana Territory.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Turning to CAPTAIN who enters and glances at the drawing.*] Here, [*very sadly*] you see, I have a country.

O Captain, I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth, I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!

CAPTAIN DANFORTH. Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Smiling.*] God bless you! The doctor has told me that I have about an hour to live. The story of fifty years you must tell in an hour! But first I have something to ask you. [*Opening his Bible at a marked text and handing it to the CAPTAIN.*]

CAPTAIN DANFORTH. [*Reading softly.*] “They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.”

PHILIP NOLAN. Bury me in the sea, Danforth; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it—see I have written it here in my Bible—

“In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.”

[*Taking his hand in his strong grasp, CAPTAIN DANFORTH sat with bowed head before telling in one short hour the history of fifty years.*]

HOW TWO DOROTHYS RAN AWAY FROM THE BRITISH

By KATHARINE OLDS HAMILTON

Dorothy Sargent was a little girl who lived in Washington when it was called a city only because some day it would be one; when the broad avenues and streets existed only on paper; when Pennsylvania Avenue itself was a quagmire, and, walking along it from the small brick Treasury building, one could see no beautiful dome resting against the eastern sky, for the Capitol was but two wings, joined by a wooden bridge. Near this Capitol Dorothy was born, and, before many weeks, was left a little motherless baby. Here she grew into a shy, lonely child, with no companions but the slaves who waited on her, and a very stern, very tall lady who came twice a week to teach her to sew and read. Her father she dearly loved, but he was too busy with his profession and politics to take much notice of his little daughter.

One other companion Dorothy did have. Between the windows in the stately parlor a great pier-glass stretched from floor to ceiling. "The little girl in the pier-glass" and Dorothy were the best of friends; and before she was old enough to understand that this little girl, who grew as she grew, was only her reflection, she had become to lonely little Dorothy a really truly friend and confidante. When she was not playing with this little girl, or learning lessons, or gathering wild flowers that grew in the woods near the Capitol, Dorothy would spend her time curled up in a

great arm-chair in the library, reading whatever pleased her from the shelves all around her, or listening to her father's friends as they talked of all that might happen to the country now that George Washington was dead.

Dorothy was nearly ten years old when she first heard her father speak of another war with England. This interested even so little a girl, and she tried to hear and understand all about it. When they talked of "the lifting of the embargo" she did not know what they meant; but the gentlemen grew excited over the "impressment of American sailors," by which Dorothy, years afterward, learned they meant that the British officers came on board our ships without leave and made men who were really Americans go to work on their ships.

Dorothy was always greatly interested in all that her father's great friends would talk about, whether she clearly understood it or not, and she knew when war was declared, and the victories and losses on each side. She heard many hot discussions between General Winder and General Armstrong whether they should heed the warning sent from England and put Washington in a state of defense.

"The British will not come to the capital," she heard General Armstrong say, and his voice was so strong and burly that she was sure he must know all about it.

Very much astonished, then, was Dorothy to be awakened, early one August morning, by a clattering horseman, calling loudly as he rode: "The British have entered the Chesapeake! They are preparing to march on Washington!"

Dorothy was afraid to venture out all the morning, for fear the British would come suddenly around some corner. When her father and some gentlemen came in, in the afternoon, she stowed herself away quickly in the big chair;

but all she could learn was that they seemed to be almost quarreling, and that General Armstrong still would not believe that the British intended to attack Washington.

Two mornings after this, Mammy hobbled into the little girl's room as she was slowly drawing the laces through her red morocco shoes.

"Hurry up, chile! Put on yo' clean pinafore," she said. "Yo' father done sent fo' yo'."

Her father sent for her? The hot blood flushed into Dorothy's cheeks. She could hardly wait for Mammy to brush her curls; yet when she came down to the dining-room, where her father, all in a soldier's uniform, was eating his breakfast, Dorothy stood just inside the door, twisting a corner of her apron, afraid to speak till she was spoken to, though bursting with impatience to ask what had happened.

"Dorothy," he said in a moment, without looking up, "I sent for you to give you some directions. I suppose you are too young to understand much, but—"

He stopped, and, turning suddenly, looked at her.

"How old are you, my child?" he asked.

"I shall be twelve, sir, in December."

"Why, so you will, child, so you will! I had forgotten you were so old. Come here and let me look at you."

As he raised the earnest little face to his, her father looked keenly into her eyes and sighed.

"We shall become better acquainted when I come back, little daughter," he said, adding as he kissed her forehead: "Secretary Monroe has just sent word that the British are within a few hours' march of Washington. We have to meet them as best we can. Stay right here at home, Dorothy. I am sure you will be in no danger. I have given the servants careful orders what to do, but if any-

thing should happen you are to go straight to Mrs. Madison. She will send you away with her sister Mrs. Cutts's children. You are not afraid, my child?"

"No, father," Dorothy answered.

"Good-by, then, little daughter," and for the second time Dr. Sargent kissed her forehead.

Dorothy's heart sang a happy little song that morning. Her father had kissed her twice! He had called her "little daughter"! He had said that when he came back they would become better acquainted!

"But suppose," thought Dorothy, with a choke in her throat, "suppose he never comes back! Suppose he is killed by the bad redcoats! Or he may be brought home wounded—but then I shall nurse my father."

The little girl sat down on the broad window-seat, resolved to watch there till she saw him coming home again.

All day Dorothy watched for her father, and all through the summer night slept with her faithful little cheek against the casement, in spite of Mammy's scoldings and entreaties. The next day they could hear the long report and loud rumble of cannon to the northeast, and in the early afternoon disordered parties of flying soldiers came hurrying by from Bladensburg. About noon Mammy came to tell her little mistress that the servants had decided to escape to Georgetown.

"Father told you to stay right here. You are not to leave the house, any of you," Dorothy commanded.

"You'd better come 'long yo'self, honey, 'fore de redcoats snaps yo'," the old woman said.

"You will do just as I say, Mammy!" the little girl repeated.

Mammy went downstairs again, muttering to herself. The house was very still after that, and when Dorothy

called for her lunch a half-hour later no one replied. Again she called, and again, then ran downstairs in alarm. She was all alone in the big house!

"Never mind," Dorothy said bravely, as she came back to her post. "Father will come home soon."

All that day, too, Dorothy's face was pressed against the window. In every squad of retreating soldiers, growing less and less frequent as the day wore on, she expected to see her father, and her heart grew heavier and more frightened with each disappointment. As the twilight deepened she saw a great light shining from the southeast, but she did not know it was the Navy-yard, set on fire by the escaping officers. It made the street as bright as day. Presently she heard the music of approaching soldiers.

"Now at last," thought Dorothy, "father is coming home."

But when they came nearer, and she saw that their coats were red, the little girl shrank back in alarm, and her heart for a moment stopped beating. Faster and faster came the British troops through the streets, this way and that, but all toward the Capitol; and then, in a short time, Dorothy saw a great flame shoot up from the wooden bridge that joined the two parts of the building.

"Surely now," the little girl cried aloud, "what father was afraid of has happened! I must go right to Mrs. Madison."

She fastened on her bonnet with trembling hands, and, not daring to light a candle, groped her way downstairs. When she reached the parlor she hesitated.

"Poor little pier-glass girl!" she said softly.

She opened the parlor door, and felt her way around the room until her hand touched the cold glass; then, leaning

forward, she kissed the reflection she could but dimly see.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered.

Half ashamed of the action, yet with a great lump choking in her throat, Dorothy made her way to the front door and out into the street. She knew it was a mile from the Capitol to the White House, and she knew, too, that the streets were full of dreadful soldiers; but, like a wise little girl, she thought that the burning of the Capitol would draw them there, at least for a time. And she was right: the turmoil was all at the Capitol.

"If I can get through dark byways," thought Dorothy, "they will not see me."

But it takes longer to go through byways, and a mile is not a short road to travel alone at night. When she reached Lafayette Square the soldiers were there before her, and fire was shooting out of every window of the White House, while tiny flames were just beginning to light up the Treasury, and the State, War, and Navy Departments. Then, for a moment, Dorothy's brave little heart gave out. It had never occurred to her that the President's wife would not be there. She shrank back among the thick trees and bushes between St. John's Church and the President's House, afraid to stay or to go on.

"But I cannot stay here," she said to herself. "I must go to Georgetown, where Mammy is."

The day was just dawning when a tired child dragged her feet heavily over Rock Creek and into Georgetown. A closed carriage drove rapidly by, then stopped a little way beyond her. A very beautiful lady leaned out.

"Little girl! Little girl!" she called out. "Where are you going? What is your name?"

Straight to the carriage poor, worn-out Dorothy ran, and threw herself almost into it, crying breathlessly, "My name is Dorothy,—some people call me Dolly,—and I 'm running away from the British."

The lady reached out her arms and drew the little girl in.

"My name is Dorothy, and some people call me Dolly, too," she said, "and I 'm afraid I am running away from the British also. We will run together, little Dorothy."

When Dorothy first found herself so unexpectedly in the comfortable carriage, she sobbed and cried, for all the fright and weariness she had felt; but at last, when she had cried her tears out, she looked around her. Beside her sat the pretty lady, with a sad, far-away look on her face, and one slender foot put firmly on a square red leather box; this box had brass nails closely set around its rim, and arranged on the top in the form of an oval. As Dorothy looked, a tear stole down the pretty lady's face, and the little girl shyly slipped her hand into the white one beside her.

The lady impulsively raised the little brown hand to her cheek. "How came you to be out in the street alone, dear?" she asked.

"Father went to fight the British," Dorothy answered, "and he told us to stay in the house, but the servants were frightened and ran away. People like that cannot help being cowards, you know," she explained.

"And then what did Dolly do?" the lady asked.

"I stayed until they set the Capitol on fire. Father told me if anything happened to go straight to Mrs. Madison, and I thought that something had surely happened then."

"It had indeed," the lady sighed. Then she asked, "But whose child are you, dear, that you were told to go to Mrs. Madison?"

"I am Dorothy Sargent, ma'am."

"Dr. Sargent's little girl?" the lady cried.

"Yes; and Mrs. Madison was gone, you know. The White House was all on fire. I was all night getting to Georgetown."

"Why, you poor little dear!" the pretty lady cried.

They sat silent for a long time. Many other carriages were on the road now, and people walking—often crowds of them. Once, when they had just changed horses, some rough men put their heads into the carriage.

"Hand over that box!" one of them said.

"You do not know to whom you are speaking," the pretty lady answered very proudly.

"Oh, yes, we do," the man replied; "but them as were something yesterday may not be so much to-morrow. Hand it over!"

"Back, every one of you! John, drive on!" the lady commanded, and as the carriage dashed forward the men fell back. Dorothy thought the pretty lady looked like a queen.

But in a moment she began to tremble, and she caught up Dorothy's little hand again and kissed it fervently. "We must let no one have the little trunk, dear," she said. "It is full of the most valuable papers."

In the afternoon they came to an out-of-the-way inn. The driver got down and went to the door, but in a moment came back looking troubled.

"They will not let us in," he said.

"Will not let us in? This is the place my husband appointed."

"They say the war is his fault," the driver began.

"Get back on the seat, John," said the lady. "I shall wait for my husband in the carriage."

The weather had been growing dark and threatening the last mile, and now a terrible storm broke over them. The carriage swayed with the wind, and the horses reared in terror, while the rain came down in sheets. The pretty lady drew the little girl closer to her.

"We must not be afraid, little Dolly," she said. "The same rain is putting out the fires in Washington."

At that instant a man hurried out of the inn.

"Come in, ma'am, come in out of the storm," he cried. "I did not know my men had been so rude!"

But when they were safe inside, Dolly's pretty lady was more restless than in the carriage. She walked back and forth to the window, peering out.

"If my husband were only safely here!" she cried again and again.

The storm was nearly over when another carriage came driving up fast to the inn, and a moment later Dorothy saw a very small, thin-haired, middle-aged man come hastily into the room and clasp the pretty lady in his arms. He was followed by several other gentlemen, among whom, to Dorothy's great delight, she saw her father.

When Dr. Sargent had warmly greeted the small daughter he had thought safe with the little Cutts children, he turned to thank her rescuer.

"You have an obedient little girl, doctor," the lady said jestingly. "She did just as you told her. She came straight to Mrs. Madison."

For the pretty lady who had been so kind to Dorothy Sargent was no other than Dolly Madison, the wife of the President; and if any of you ever go to the State Department at Washington, ask to be shown the little red trunk in which she carried away the state papers when the British burned the city in 1814.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

A Dramatization by the Dramatic Club of Public School 15, Manhattan. Author of book, LEWIS CARROLL.

CHARACTERS

ALICE. Copy picture in all editions of the book. (Hair flying, little apron, white stockings, black slippers.)

READER OF PROLOGUE

WHITE KING. White bloomers, white coat, crown.

WHITE QUEEN. Very narrow white slip with the hem at bottom wired to make it stand out, crown.

TIGER-LILY	}	Flowers are dressed in crêpe paper dresses and caps to represent flower.
ROSE		
DAISIES		
VIOLET		
LARKSPUR		

RED QUEEN. Narrow red slip with hem at bottom wired, crown.

RED KING. Red bloomers, red coat, crown.

TWEEDLEDEE	}	Sweaters with pillows under them, bloomers, long tailed coats, tiny caps.
TWEEDLEDUM		

FROG. Yellow and green costume, similar to a small child's winter night drawers; the back made of green chintz, the front of yellow chintz. A hood of green, stitched to false face, representing a frog.

Black toy kitten.

Time for production: thirty-five minutes.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

PROLOGUE

[ALICE is sitting in a big armchair, fondling her black cat, while prologue is recited.]

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness—

Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For "happy summer days" gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch, with breath of bale,
The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

FIRST SCENE

ALICE. [*Holding up kitten.*] Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing! Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty? You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you could n't. Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty, when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! [*Gives kitten a hug.*] What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me! I am going to tell you all your faults. You squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you! What's that you say? [*Pretending that the kitten was speaking.*] Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it would n't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two; you pulled Snow-drop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How

do you know she was n't thirsty too? Now for number three; you unwound every bit of worsted while I was n't looking! That 's three faults, Kitty, and you 've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I 'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—suppose they had saved up all my punishments! What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner; then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I should n't mind that much! I 'd far rather go without them than eat them! [ALICE takes kitten over to mirror and holds it up to look in. Then comes back to armchair, putting head back, sleepily.] If you 're not good directly, I 'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that? Now, if you 'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I shall tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there 's the room you can see through the glass—that 's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair. Kitty, dear, let 's pretend—[falls asleep.]

[A Lullaby, sung by a girl, wakens ALICE into Looking-glass Land. A beautiful and suitable one is found in Mrs. Burton Harrison's dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" called "Alice Asleep." The last line can be adapted to "Alice, awake in Looking-glass Land."]

SECOND SCENE

[WHITE KING and WHITE QUEEN rush in as ALICE awakes in Looking-glass Land.]

WHITE QUEEN. It is the voice of my child! My precious

Lily! My imperial kitten! [*Knocks over WHITE KING.*]

WHITE KING. Imperial fiddlestick! [*Very much annoyed. ALICE rushes to pick him up. KING is sitting on the floor making funny faces.*]

ALICE. Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear! You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! [*She picks up WHITE KING, who immediately tumbles again.*]

WHITE KING. [*Turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!

WHITE QUEEN. You have n't any whiskers.

WHITE KING. The horror of that moment I shall never, never forget!

WHITE QUEEN. You will, though, if you don't make a memorandum of it.

[WHITE KING *instantly commences writing in a book.*

ALICE *takes up book as he puts it down.*]

ALICE. Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And, if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again. [*Recites poem.*]

JABBERWOCKY

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

ALICE. It seems very pretty, but it 's rather hard to understand! Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that 's clear, at any rate— But oh! [*jumping up*] if I don't make haste I shall have to go back

through the Looking-glass, before I 've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let 's have a look at the garden first. [*Runs out.*]

THIRD SCENE

THE FLOWER SCENE

[*FLOWERS come in and arrange themselves. About twelve DAISIES stand close together.*]

ALICE. [*Coming in at side.*] I should see the garden far better, if I could get to the top of that hill: and here 's a path that leads straight to it—at least; no, it does n't do that—[*walking several steps, and looking*] but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It 's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, this turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it does n't. This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I 'll try it the other way. [*Comes up to the flowers.*] Oh, Tiger-lily, I wish you could talk!

TIGER-LILY. We can talk when there 's anybody worth talking to.

ALICE. [*In astonished whisper.*] Can all the flowers talk?

TIGER-LILY. As well as you can, and a great deal louder.

ROSE. It is n't manners for us to begin, you know, and I really was wondering when you 'd speak! Said I to myself, "Her face has some sense in it, though it 's not a clever one!" Still you 're the right color, and that goes a long way.

TIGER-LILY. I don't care about the color; if only her petals curled up a little more, she 'd be all right.

ALICE. [*Showing that she did not like to be criticised.*] Are n't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?

ROSE. There 's the tree in the middle, what else is it good for?

ALICE. What could it do, if any danger comes?

ROSE. It could bark.

FIRST DAISY. It says "Bough-wough!" That 's why its branches are called boughs.

SECOND DAISY. Did n't you know that?

DAISIES. [*Shouting.*] Bough-wough! bough-wough! bough-wough!

TIGER-LILY. [*Very excited.*] Silence, every one of you! They know I can't get at them [*turning to ALICE*], or they would n't dare to do it.

ALICE. [*Soothingly.*] Never mind. [*Stooping down to the daisies.*] If you don't hold your tongues, I 'll pick you.

TIGER-LILY. That 's right. The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it 's enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on. See, they are beginning to dance!

[DAISIES *dance* "The Flower Dance."']

ALICE. How is it that you can all talk so nicely? I 've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.

TIGER-LILY. Put your hand down and feel the ground. Then you 'll know why.

ALICE. It 's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.

TIGER-LILY. In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.

ALICE. I never thought of that before.

ROSE. It 's my opinion that you never think at all.

VIOLET. [*Speaking so suddenly that ALICE jumped.*] I never saw anybody that looked stupider.

TIGER-LILY. Hold your tongue! As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what 's going on in the world, than if you were a bud.

ALICE. Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

ROSE. There 's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you. She 's more bushy than you are.

ALICE. Is she like me?

ROSE. Well, she has the same awkward shape as you, but she 's redder—and her petals are shorter, I think.

TIGER-LILY. They 're done up close, like a dahlia, not tumbled about, like yours.

ROSE. But that 's not your fault; you 're beginning to fade, you know, and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy.

ALICE. Does she ever come out here?

ROSE. I daresay you 'll see her soon. She 's one of the kind that has nine spikes, you know.

ALICE. Where does she wear them?

ROSE. Why, all around her head, of course. I was wondering you had n't some, too. I thought it was the regular rule.

LARKSPUR. She 's coming! I hear her footstep, thump, thump, thump, along the gravel walk! [RED QUEEN *thumping.*]

ALICE. I think I 'll go and meet her.

ROSE. You can't possibly do that. I should advise you to walk the other way.

[*As ALICE goes off one way the flowers go out the other.*]

FOURTH SCENE

RED QUEEN SCENE

[*ALICE comes back walking backward. The RED QUEEN comes from opposite direction walking backward, until they bump. Both turn.*]

RED QUEEN. Where do you come from? And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

ALICE. I lost my way.

RED QUEEN. I don't know what you mean by your way; all the ways about here belong to me—but why did you come out here at all? Courtesy while you're thinking what to say. It saves time.

ALICE. [*Courtesying. Aside.*] I'll try it when I go home, the next time I'm a little late for dinner.

RED QUEEN. [*Looking at her watch.*] It's time for you to answer now, open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say, "Your Majesty."

ALICE. [*Courtesying.*] I only wanted to see what the garden was like, Your Majesty.

RED QUEEN. That's right; though, when you say garden—I've seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.

ALICE. I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill.

RED QUEEN. When you say hill, I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

ALICE. No, I should n't; a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense.

RED QUEEN. You may call it nonsense if you like, but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!

ALICE. [*Courtesying.*] I declare, it's marked out just like a large chessboard! There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are! It's a huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I should n't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though, of course, I should like to be a Queen, best.

RED QUEEN. That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with; when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen.

[*Takes ALICE by hand and begins to run.*] Faster! Don't try to talk! Faster! Faster! Faster! Faster!

ALICE. [*Panting.*] Are we nearly there?

RED QUEEN. Nearly there! Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster! Now! Now! Faster! Faster! [*Stopping suddenly. ALICE sinks down.*] You may rest a little, now.

ALICE. Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!

RED QUEEN. Of course it is, what would you have it?

ALICE. Well, in our country, you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing.

RED QUEEN. A slow sort of country! Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!

ALICE. I'd rather not try, please! I'm quite content to stay here — only I am so hot and thirsty!

RED QUEEN. I know what you'd like! [*Takes biscuit out of her pocket.*] Have a biscuit? [*Alice takes biscuit.*] While you're refreshing yourself, I'll just take the measurements. [*Takes out ribbon, marked in inches, and begins measuring the ground.*] At the end of two yards, I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?

ALICE. No, thank you, one's quite enough!

RED QUEEN. Thirst quenched, I hope. [*Alice looks distressed.*] At the end of three yards I shall repeat them

—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four, I shall say good-by. And at the end of five, I shall go! [*Begins walking slowly.*] A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you 'll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you 'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?

ALICE. I—did n't know I had to make one—just then.

RED QUEEN. You should have said, "It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this," however, we'll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest; however, one of the Knights will show you the way, and in the Eighth Square we shall be queens together, and it's all feasting and fun! [*ALICE stands and courtesys.*] Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk, and remember who you are! Good-by. [*Runs off.*]

FIFTH SCENE

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE SCENE.

[*ALICE goes to sign marked "To Tweedledum's House and To the House of Tweedledee."*]

ALICE. I do believe that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before— But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say "How d'ye do?" and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!

[*TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE come out, each with an*

arm round the other's neck. They wear broad white collars. One marked "DUM," the other "DEE."]

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we 're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works were n't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we 're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE. I 'm sure I 'm very sorry. [*Recites.*]

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

DUM. I know what you 're thinking about, but it is n't so, nohow.

DEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it is n't, it ain't. That 's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking, which is the best way out of this wood: it is getting so dark. Will you tell me, please? [*DUM and DEE look at each other and grin. ALICE points her finger at DUM.*] First Boy!

DUM. [*Briskly.*] Nohow!

ALICE. [*Pointing her finger at DEE.*] Next Boy!

DEE. Contrariwise!

DUM. You 've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say, "How d'ye do?" and shake hands! [DUM and DEE hug each other, and then hold out the two hands that are free, to shake hands with ALICE. Instantly they begin dancing round and round, singing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush."] Four times round is enough for one dance. [They let go of ALICE'S hands, and stand panting.]

ALICE. [*Aside.*] It would never do to say "How d'ye do?" now; we seem to have got beyond that, somehow! I hope you 're not much tired?

DUM. Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

DEE. So much obliged! You like poetry?

ALICE. Ye-es, pretty well—some poetry. Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?

DEE. [*Looking with great, solemn eyes at DUM.*] What shall I repeat to her?

DUM. [*Hugging DEE.*] "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longest.

DEE. The sun was shining—

ALICE. If it 's very long, would you please tell me first which road—

DEE. [*Smiling gently.*]

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

“Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They had n’t any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you ’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said,
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I ’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“To play them such a trick.
After we ’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“The butter ’s spread too thick!”

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You ’ve had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?”
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They ’d eaten every one.

[*Throughout the recitation appropriate gestures are made by DUM and DEE; the latter using his right hand, the former his left hand.*]

ALICE. I like the Walrus best, because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters.

DEE. He ate more than the Carpenter, though. You see

he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter could n't count how many he took; contrariwise.

ALICE. That was mean! Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

DUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE. Well! They were both very unpleasant characters— Are there any lions or tigers about here?

DEE. It's only the Red King snoring. [*RED KING huddled down in a corner, snoring very loud.*]

DUM and DEE. [*Taking ALICE by the hand.*] Come and look at him! [*Lead ALICE up to where the RED KING is sleeping.*]

DUM. Isn't he a lovely sight? Snoring fit to snore his head off!

ALICE. I'm afraid he'll catch cold lying on the damp grass.

DEE. He's dreaming now, and what do you think he's dreaming about?

ALICE. Nobody can guess that.

DEE. [*Clapping his hands.*] Why, about you! And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

ALICE. Where I am now, of course.

DEE. Not you! You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!

DUM. If that there king was to wake, you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!

ALICE. I should n't! Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?

DUM. Ditto.

DEE. Ditto, ditto!

ALICE. Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

DUM. Well, it's no use your talking about waking him, when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.

ALICE. [*Crying.*] I am real!

DEE. You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying; there's nothing to cry about.

ALICE. If I was n't real, I should n't be able to cry.

DUM. I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I know they're talking nonsense, and it's foolish to cry about it. At any rate I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming on very dark. [*Turning to DUM.*] Do you think it's going to rain?

DUM. [*Opening a large umbrella over himself and DEE, and looking up into it.*] No, I don't think it is, at least—not under here. Nohow.

ALICE. But it may rain outside.

DEE. It may—if it chooses; we've no objection. Contrariwise.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] Selfish things! [*As she starts to leave, TWEEDLEDUM jumps from under the umbrella, and seizes her by the wrist.*]

DUM. [*Very dramatically.*] Do you see that?

ALICE. It is only a rattle. Not a rattle-snake, you know, only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

DUM. I knew it was! [*Begins to stamp around and tear his hair.*] It's spoiled, of course! [*Turning to TWEEDLEDEE, who is hiding under the umbrella.*]

ALICE. [*Laying her hand upon his arm.*] You need n't be so angry about an old rattle.

DUM. But it is n't old! It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—[*screaming*] my nice NEW rattle! [*Turning to DEE*] Of course you agree to have a battle?

DEE. [*Crawling out from under umbrella.*] I suppose so, only she must help to dress us, you know. [*Runs and brings out a pile of capes, shawls, etc., and two milk pails for their heads.*]

ALICE. [*Aside, while she dresses them.*] Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!

DEE. [*Very gravely.*] You know, it is one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle,—to get one's head cut off.

DUM. Do I look very pale?

ALICE. Oh, not very.

DUM. I am generally very brave, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

DEE. And I've got a toothache! I'm far worse than you!

ALICE. Then you 'd better not fight to-day.

DUM. We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What 's the time now?

DEE. [*Looking at his watch.*] Half-past four.

DUM. Let 's fight till six, and then have dinner.

DEE. [*Very sadly.*] Very well, and she can watch us; only you 'd better not come very close, as I generally hit everything I can see, when I get really excited.

DUM. And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

ALICE. [*Laughing.*] You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

DUM. [*Looking around with a satisfied smile.*] I don't suppose there 'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far around, by the time we 've finished!

ALICE. And all about a rattle!

DUM. I should n't have minded it so much, if it had n't been a new one.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I wish the monstrous crow would come!

DUM. There 's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella; it 's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It 's getting as dark as it can.

DEE. And darker.

ALICE. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it 's got wings!

DUM. [*Much alarmed.*] It's the crow! [*Both run out, dropping the pails from their heads. Alice follows.*]

SIXTH SCENE

QUEEN ALICE SCENE.

[*A crown is lying on the stage. ALICE comes in and puts it on.*]

ALICE. Well, this is grand! I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I tell you what it is, Your Majesty [*speaking to herself*], it 'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know! [*Walks around, standing very straight, as if afraid the crown will fall off.*] If I really am a Queen [*sitting down*], I shall be able to manage it quite well in time. [*RED QUEEN and WHITE QUEEN come quietly in and sit close to her, one on each side.*] Please would you tell me—

RED QUEEN. [*Sharply.*] Speak when you 're spoken to!

ALICE. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—

RED QUEEN. Ridiculous! Why, don't you see, child— [*Thinks a moment.*] What do you mean by "If you really are a Queen"? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.

ALICE. I only said "if."

RED QUEEN. [*Shuddering; turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] She says she only said "if"—

WHITE QUEEN. But she said a great deal more than that; oh, ever so much more than that!

RED QUEEN. [*Turning to ALICE.*] So you did, you know. Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.

ALICE. I'm sure I did n't mean—

RED QUEEN. That's just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning, and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You could n't deny that, even if you tried with both hands.

ALICE. I don't deny things with my hands.

RED QUEEN. Nobody said you did. I said you could n't if you tried.

WHITE QUEEN. She's in that state of mind that she wants to deny something, only she does n't know what to deny!

RED QUEEN. A nasty, vicious temper!— I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon.

WHITE QUEEN. And I invite you.

ALICE. I did n't know I was to have a party at all, but if there is to be one, I thiuk I ought to invite the guests.

RED QUEEN. We gave you the opportunity of doing it, but I daresay you've not had many lessons in manners yet?

ALICE. Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.

WHITE QUEEN. Can you do addition? What 's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

ALICE. I don't know; I lost count.

RED QUEEN. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.

ALICE. Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

WHITE QUEEN. She can't do subtraction. Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what 's the answer to that?

ALICE. I suppose—

RED QUEEN. Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?

ALICE. The bone would n't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog would n't remain; it would come to bite me—and I 'm sure I should n't remain!

RED QUEEN. Then you think nothing would remain?

ALICE. I think that 's the answer.

RED QUEEN. Wrong, as usual; the dog's temper would remain.

ALICE. But I don't see how—

RED QUEEN. Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, would n't it?

ALICE. Perhaps it would.

RED QUEEN. Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!

BOTH QUEENS. She can't do sums a bit!

ALICE. [*Turning to WHITE QUEEN.*] Can you do sums?

WHITE QUEEN. [*Gasping.*] I can do addition, if you give me time, but I can't do subtraction under any circumstances!

RED QUEEN. Of course you know your A B C?

ALICE. To be sure I do.

WHITE QUEEN. So do I; we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read the words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time.

RED QUEEN. Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

ALICE. [*Eagerly.*] I know that! You take some flour—

WHITE QUEEN. Where do you pick the flower? In a garden, or in the hedges?

ALICE. Well, it isn't picked at all, it's ground—

WHITE QUEEN. How many acres of ground? You mustn't leave out so many things.

RED QUEEN. Fan her head! She'll be feverish after so much thinking. [*QUEENS fan ALICE.*] She's all right again now. Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

ALICE. [*Gravely.*] Fiddle-de-dee's not English.

RED QUEEN. Whoever said it was?

ALICE. If you 'll tell me what language "Fiddle-de-dee" is, I 'll tell you the French for it!

RED QUEEN. [*Drawing herself up stiffly.*] Queens never make bargains.

ALICE. [*Aside.*] I wish Queens never asked questions.

WHITE QUEEN. Don't let us quarrel. What is the cause of lightning?

ALICE. The cause of lightning is the thunder—no, no! I meant the other way.

RED QUEEN. It 's too late to correct it. When you 've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences.

WHITE QUEEN. [*Nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.*] We had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday; I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.

ALICE. In our country, there 's only one day at a time.

RED QUEEN. That 's a poor thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together,—for warmth, you know.

ALICE. Are five nights warmer than one night, then?

RED QUEEN. Five times as warm, of course.

ALICE. But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule—

RED QUEEN. Just so! Five times as warm, and five times as cold—just as I 'm five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!

ALICE. It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!

RED QUEEN. [*Taking WHITE QUEEN's hand, and turning to ALICE.*] Pat her on the head and see how pleased she'll be! She really can't help being foolish, she never was really well brought up. A little kindness, and putting her hair up in papers, would do wonders with her.

WHITE QUEEN. [*Sighing, and putting her head on ALICE's shoulder.*] I am so sleepy!

RED QUEEN. She's tired, poor thing! Smooth her hair, lend her your nightcap, and sing her a soothing lullaby.

ALICE. I have n't a nightcap with me, and I don't know any soothing lullabies.

RED QUEEN. I must do it myself, then. [*Sings.*]

Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

And now you know the words [*putting her head down on ALICE's other shoulder*], just sing it through to me; I'm getting sleepy, too. [*Both QUEENS sleep and snore, while ALICE sings the lullaby.*]

ALICE. What am I to do? [*Looks around in great perplexity as first one head and then the other rolls to her lap.*] I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two queens asleep at once. No, not in all the history of England; it could n't, you know, because there never was more than one queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!

BOTH QUEENS. [*Their snoring gradually changes into a soft humming of the lullaby. They pass out singing.*]

Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

SEVENTH SCENE

THE FROG SCENE.

[*A sign bearing the words "Queen Alice" is placed on a door. ALICE standing before the door, knocking.*]

FROG. [*Hobbling over to her. Speaks in very hoarse voice.*] What is it now?

ALICE. Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?

FROG. Which door?

ALICE. [*Irritated.*] This door, of course.

FROG. [*Staring at door and rubbing it with his thumb.*] To answer the door? What's it been asking of?

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

VOICES. [*Singing back of stage.*]

To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,
"I've a scepter in hand, I've a crown on my head;
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen,
and me!"

EIGHTH SCENE

COMING BACK TO EVERY DAY LAND.

[ALICE *sits down in arm chair, holding the black kitten in her arms, and shuts her eyes.*]

ALICE. [*Awaking.*] And it really was a kitten, after all.

FINIS

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS

By CAROLYN WELLS

Upon a branch some little birds were sitting in a row,
All chittering and twittering as hard as they could go;

When suddenly a bird

Said, "Well, upon my word!

I 'm sure there is a fire in the valley down below."

And all the birds said, "Oh! We see the lurid glow!

There surely is a fire in the valley down below."

The squirrels told the rabbits, who told the coons in turn;
The features of the creatures expressed extreme concern.

They said, "There is no doubt

That fire must be put out.

There 's a village in the valley, and we must not let it
burn!"

"No, indeed!" cried each in turn, with their faces set and
stern;

"The village in the valley must not be allowed to burn!"

Then they flew around like madmen, so excitable were they;
They hurried and they flurried and they scurried every
way;

When they heard a great stampede,

And at a fearful rate of speed

Came the Volunteer Department of the Bears of Precinct

A!

Then they all cried out, "Hooray! they will surely save the
day;
Give three cheers and hip, hurrah, boys, for the Bears of
Precinct A!"

The Volunteers sped o'er the road as fast as fast could be;
Though lumbbersome and cumbersome, they hustled eagerly.
They rent the air with yells,
And they sounded horns and bells,
And said, "We will put out that fire, as you shall quickly
see."
And they laughed aloud in glee to think how cleverly
They 'd reach the fire and put it out and get back home
for tea.

But what d 'you think those Bears found out when they
their goal had won,
And babbling and scrabbling they came up on a run?
The lurid glow had faded,
And the village folk said, they did,
That there was no fire! It only was the setting of the sun!
But the Bears said, "We had fun, and a very pleasant
run,
And, as you see, the fire is out, and so our work is done.
It 's such a lot of fun to put out a setting sun;
And, as you see, the fire is out, so now our work is done!"

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!”

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;

E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,

Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some top-most spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too

’T is always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams

As in an idiot’s brain remembered words

Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more

The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?

Is this more pleasant to you than the whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?”

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
 It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-day Book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
 In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
 Were satires to the authorities addressed,

While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder caroled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,

And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

SCENES FROM "THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER"

By JOHN RUSKIN

PROLOGUE

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers,

called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly, miserly, cruel men, of so grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

FIRST SCENE

IN THE HOME OF THE THREE BROTHERS

[GLUCK, *a fair haired, blue-eyed boy of twelve, is seated near the fire, turning the mutton over and over on the spit.*]

GLUCK. [*Shuddering as the sound of beating rain pelted the roof.*] What a pity my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. On such a day as this, I'm sure, when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them. [*A double knock at the door is heard. Listening.*] It must be the wind, nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door. [*As another loud knock is heard GLUCK goes to the window and looks out.*]

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*A most extraordinary looking little gentleman, with a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; very red, round cheeks; twinkling eyes showing through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet*

long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.] Hullo! that 's not the way to answer the door; I 'm wet, let me in.

GLUCK. I beg pardon, sir, I 'm very sorry, but I really can't.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. Can't what!

GLUCK. I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*Petulantly.*] Want? I want fire, and shelter; and there 's your great fire there blazing, cracking, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.

GLUCK. [*Aside.*] He does look very wet—and it is warm in here and the mutton smells so good—I 'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour. [*Goes to door and opens it. The LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN comes in, and at the same time a great gust of wind passes through the house.*]

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. That 's a good boy! Never mind your brothers. I 'll talk to them.

GLUCK. Pray, sir, don't do any such thing. I can't let you stay till they come; they 'd be the death of me.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. Dear me, I 'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?

GLUCK. Only till the mutton 's done, sir, and it 's very brown. Sit down near the fire, sir. You 'll soon dry. [*But the OLD GENTLEMAN did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.*] I beg pardon, sir, may n't I take your cloak?

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. No, thank you.

GLUCK. Your cap, sir?

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*Gruffly.*] I am all right, thank you.

GLUCK. [*Hesitatingly.*] But,—sir—I 'm very sorry, but—really, sir,—you 're—putting the fire out.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. It 'll take longer to do the mutton, then— That mutton looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit?

GLUCK. Impossible, sir.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. I 'm very hungry. I 've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle!

GLUCK. They promised me one slice to-day, sir, I can give you that, but not a bit more.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. That 's a good boy.

GLUCK. [*Aside.*] I don't care if I do get beaten for it.

[Warms a plate and sharpens his knife. As he starts to cut a piece of the mutton a tremendous rap at the door is heard. The OLD GENTLEMAN jumps down to the floor; GLUCK pushes back into the exact place the slice of mutton, then runs to open the door. The TWO BROTHERS enter.]

SCHWARTZ. *[Throwing his umbrella at GLUCK.]* What did you keep us waiting in the rain[^] for?

HANS. *[Boxing GLUCK's ears.]* Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?

SCHWARTZ. *[Jumping back at sight of the OLD GENTLEMAN.]* Bless my soul!

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. *[Bowling with the utmost possible velocity.]* Amen.

SCHWARTZ. *[Catching up a rolling-pin.]* Who 's that?

GLUCK. *[In great terror.]* I don't know, indeed, brother.

SCHWARTZ. *[In very loud voice.]* How did he get in?

GLUCK. My dear brother, he was so *very* wet!

SCHWARTZ. *[Bringing the rolling-pin down on GLUCK's head; but, at the instant, the OLD GENTLEMAN interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. The rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of SCHWARTZ's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.]* Who are you, sir?

HANS. What 's your business?

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*Modestly.*] I 'm a poor old man, sir, and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.

SCHWARTZ. Have the goodness to walk out again, then. We 've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house.

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs. [*Shaking his long hair.*]

HANS. Aye! There are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. I 'm very, very hungry, sir; could n't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?

SCHWARTZ. Bread, indeed! Do you suppose we 've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?

HANS. [*Sneeringly.*] Why don't you sell your feather? Out with you!

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. Pray, gentlemen, a little bit of bread?

SCHWARTZ. Be off!

HANS. Off, and be hanged! [*Seizing the LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the OLD GENTLEMAN's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on top of it. Then SCHWARTZ was very angry, and ran at the OLD GENTLEMAN to turn him out; but he also had*

hardly touched him when away he went after HANS and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.]

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*Spinning around and around until his long cloak was wound neatly about him.*] Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I 'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.

SCHWARTZ. [*Coming, half frightened, out of the corner.*] If I ever catch you here again— [*The LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN flies out, and bangs the door.*] A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck! Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton 's been cut!

GLUCK. You promised me one slice, brother, you know.

SCHWARTZ. Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It 'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you. [*The TWO BROTHERS ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, drank a lot of wine and fell asleep. As the clock strikes twelve they are awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door bursts open with a violence that shakes the house from top to bottom.*]

SCHWARTZ. [*Starting up.*] What 's that?

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. Only I.

HANS. Why the roof 's off and the room 's full of water!

LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN. [*Ironically.*] Sorry to incommode you, I 'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I 've left the ceiling on there. [*The brothers rush into GLUCK's room. The LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN calls after them.*] You 'll find my card on the kitchen table. Remember, the *last* visit. [LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN *whirls out.*]

SCHWARTZ. Pray Heaven it may! [*The two brothers return, shuddering, into the kitchen. They start back in horror and dismay at the sight that meets their eyes. HANS rushes to the window.*]

TWO BROTHERS. Money, everything gone!

HANS. The Treasure Valley is a mass of ruin and desolation. Everything—trees, crops, and cattle have been swept away, and nothing left in their stead but a waste of red sand and gray mud!

SCHWARTZ. [*Rushing around room as if insane.*] Everything that we had stored here, gold, corn—everything—is gone. [*Picks up card from table.*] “Southwest Wind, Esquire”—and he said he would never return! We are ruined! [BROTHERS *go out.*]

SECOND SCENE

[GLUCK *meets again the KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.*]

CHORUS. Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general,

and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

They hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade; the first, that people strongly disapproved of the copper which they put into the gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. When

it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

GLUCK. [*Stirring the melting pot; then walking disconsolately to the window.*] Ah! if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be.

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. No, it would n't, Gluck.

GLUCK. [*Jumping up.*] Bless me, what's that? [*Looking round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there.*]

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. Not at all, my boy!

GLUCK. [*Jumping up again.*] Bless me! What is that? [*Looking in closets and corners.*] Some one is singing. [*A soft, running "Lala-lira-la; lala-lira-la" is heard.*] Why! [*Very frightened.*] it comes from the melting pot!

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. Halloa! Halloa! Gluck, my boy! [*GLUCK walks up to the melting pot.*] Come, Gluck, my boy, I'm all right; pour me out. [*GLUCK moves the lid a little.*] Will you pour me out? I'm too hot. [*GLUCK, with a mighty effort, tips the melting-pot, when out of it, instead of a liquid stream, steps a little golden dwarf.*] That's right! [*Stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping.*] No, it would n't, Gluck, my boy.

GLUCK. [*Too frightened to think.*] Would n't it, sir?

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. No, no, it would n't.
[*Strides with great steps up and down the room.*]

GLUCK. [*Hesitatingly.*] Pray, sir, were you my mug?

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. [*Drawing himself up.*] I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone. [*Walks into the furnace and disappears.*]

GLUCK. [*Looking up the chimney.*] Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug!—I shall tell my brothers and let them get the gold of the river. [*Runs out.*]

THIRD SCENE

[*On the path of the Golden River. After many months.*]

GLUCK. [*Carrying on arm a basket containing bread and a bottle of holy water.*] I have waited so long for my brothers to return, I must try to find them. The little king

looked very kind; I don't think he will turn me into a black stone.

OLD MAN. [*Coming down from the mountain.*] My son, I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water.

GLUCK. [*Seeing how worn the old man looks hands him the bottle.*] Pray, sir, don't drink it all. [*The OLD MAN hands back the bottle two thirds empty, and passes on.*]

TINY CHILD. Oh, give me water, water.

GLUCK. [*Parched with thirst, glances longingly at the bottle, then smiling, holds it to the child's lips, who drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on GLUCK, and got up, and ran down the hill.*] I never felt so happy in all my life. [*As he turns to climb again.*] See the sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest. Oh, everything will come right! [*Stops.*] Oh, a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath! The King said that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt; I cannot give this little dog the few drops that I have left. [*Dog whines piteously.*] Poor beastie, it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it. [*Pouring all the water in his bottle into the dog's mouth.*] Confound the King and his gold too! [*The dog springs up, disappears, and in its place stands the KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.*]

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. Thank you, but don't be frightened, it's all right. Why didn't you come before, instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too.

GLUCK. Oh, dear me! Have you really been so cruel?

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I 'm going to allow that?

GLUCK. Why, I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font.

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. Very probably. But [*very sternly*] the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy. [*Picking a lily that grew at his feet, on which there sparkle three drops of clear dew, he shakes them into the flask which GLUCK holds in his hand.*] Cast these into the river and descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley. And so good speed. [*Both pass out.*]

EPILOGUE

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and

was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

By ELIZA COOK

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'T is true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried, and tried, but could n't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I 'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropp'd
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the King in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what that spider would do.

'T was a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half-yard higher;
'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” cried the King, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 't is an anxious minute;
He 's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

“Bravo, bravo!” the King cried out,
“All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquer’d, and why should n’t I?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, “I can’t.”
’T is a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

From the "Sun" of September 21, 1897

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the "Sun":

"DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in the "Sun" it 's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

"115 WEST NINETY-FIFTH STREET."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if

there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?"

NOTE.—This selection can be beautifully rendered by having one child pantomime the story while the other children read it aloud. See "The Handful of Clay" in "Plays for School Children" for suggestions as to treatment.)

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water

Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

" 'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,

Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah, the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

ON WHOM WAS THE JOKE?

A HISTORY PLAY

CHARACTERS

EDWARD NEALE. The studious boy.

BOYS IN THE SAME CLASS AT SCHOOL, as Edward Neale. These afterward impersonate:

KING JOHN OF ENGLAND, 1215.

PATRICK HENRY.

MEN IN THE CONVENTION OF 1787, when the Constitution was drawn up.

THE FIRST SIXTEEN PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FATHER TIME.

(NOTE.—When the boys impersonate the historical characters, the costumes donned must be very simple but very suggestive of the character. Father Time, long robe, scythe (cut out of cardboard), white wig; King John of England, long robe, crown; Patrick Henry, three-cornered hat, stock collar, etc.).

FIRST SCENE

[Several of the boys are engaged in a noisy game of ball when the boy, who impersonates FATHER TIME, runs up to them.]

1ST BOY. Halloa, Sam, where 's Ed?

SAM. Oh, at his books, as usual.

2ND BOY. Studying his history, I 'll warrant, and wishing he had lived in the earlier days of America and had known all his favorite characters.

3RD BOY. Oh, come on, play; studying history—or even talking about it—makes me sick!

SAM. You will be sicker when your father sees your report card! Ed says that the teacher is going to examine us in history to-morrow! [*Boys groan.*]

4TH BOY. Well, I'd rather have a thrashing from my father than study my history!

BOYS. So would I!

5TH BOY. Ed's mean. I won't forgive him in a hurry telling me that Thomas Jefferson was hung for treason! [*Boys shout with laughter.*]

6TH BOY. Oh, you were so funny when you repeated it in the class and our teacher said that you were more fit for a kindergarten class than a sixth-year class. [*All laugh.*]

SAM. [*Suddenly.*] Oh, boys, I have thought of the best joke on Ed!

BOYS. [*Crowding about him.*] What? What? Do tell us. [*Whisper together. Some begin to applaud.*]

SAM. [*As boys pass out.*] Now, remember, be sure not to laugh. We'll all be ready this afternoon. The librarian will help us, she has often said so. Adieu, Sam Warren, enter Father Time. We'll have the joke on Ed for many a long day! [*All go out, busily talking.*]

SECOND SCENE

ED. [*Comes in, reading a history text-book.*] "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one

people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another"—(From Declaration of Independence.)
[*Puts down book and begins again.*] "When in the course of human events—"

FATHER TIME. Great words, those, my boy.

ED. [*Starting back.*] Who are you? Why do you come here?

FATHER TIME. I am Father Time. I am here, there, everywhere. Many a time have I heard you wishing, wishing, that you could step back into my ages and meet, face to face, the makers, or those who have influenced the makers of our great United States. I have come to grant you this wish. Lo, one appears—speak and tell from whence you came.

KING JOHN. [*Carrying parchment.*] My people have risen against me, here in my country of England, in this year 1215. They will not endure my injustice. They have forced me to sign this Magna Charta—the great charter—which gives to all people the right of trial by jury and justice! [*Passes to one side.*]

FATHER TIME. And this will be preserved in this country for all time. See, here comes one who always demanded justice when this country belonged to England.

PATRICK HENRY. This injustice to Massachusetts must not be endured! "We must fight, I repeat it, sir; we must fight. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

ED. [*With great awe.*] 'T is Patrick Henry!

FATHER TIME. He so imbued the colonists with his spirit that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, which you were reciting when I came in, and the colonists declared their independence in 1776. After many years of hardship and privation the American colonists gained their independence in 1783. Then followed years of ill management in state affairs—as will happen to any new country. But here are some who can tell you all about it. [*Men of the convention which met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787, enter.*]

GEORGE WASHINGTON. [*Presiding Officer.*] Are delegates from all the thirteen States here?

1ST DELEGATE. All except Rhode Island.

2ND DELEGATE. Only nine States are needed to ratify this Constitution which we are about to draw up.

3RD DELEGATE. Why is it necessary to draw up this Constitution? Why cannot we continue to be governed by the Articles of Confederation?

4TH DELEGATE. We are not being governed, that is the trouble! There is constant dissension among the States. There is no one power to see that common duties are performed. These Articles of Confederation were all right as laws when the War of Independence was going on, because then the people were bending all their efforts toward only one thing—the defeat of the British—and when people are bound together by a mutual and all-absorbing aim, they forget minor differences.

5TH DELEGATE. Each state feels itself free from all the others. Each one feels that it has the right to coin money,

to levy taxes, to raise an army, and to charge a duty upon articles of merchandise coming from European countries, or even from the other states. It is a partnership of states, each of which is entirely independent.

6TH DELEGATE. The states are jealous of each other. The weak ones fear the strong. How can our Central Government settle its immense debts and make our country one to be respected by other nations if there is no way of compelling the states to act together for the country's good!

7TH DELEGATE. We need and must have a Constitution that will give us "a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

ALL. Aye, aye.

8TH DELEGATE. Let the Government be divided between the Central Government, with one Chief Executive or President at the head, and the state governments, in such way that, while the states are still practically self-governing so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they must obey the Central Government in certain respects in which the interests of other states are concerned.

ALL. Aye, aye. [*All pass out talking as sixteen presidents come in and form line across room.*]

ED. Look! there is George Washington again! Oh, I know, these are the presidents—sixteen of them—all we have read about this year.

FATHER TIME. Speak, chosen men of America!

PRESIDENTS. [*Rapidly, one after another.*]

George Washington

John Adams

Thomas Jefferson

James Madison

James Monroe

John Quincy Adams

Andrew Jackson

Martin Van Buren

William Henry Harrison

John Tyler

James Knox Polk

Zachary Taylor

Millard Fillmore

Franklin Pierce

James Buchanan

Abraham Lincoln

ED. Oh, I should love to hear some of them talk. Dear Father Time, do ask them.

FATHER TIME. George Washington, Father of His Country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. I became President of the United States in 1789. The French Revolution was going on throughout my two terms of office. Many attempts were made to draw us into the war, but knowing how unwise this would be I succeeded in keeping my people at peace. This resulted in much hard feeling among them, but I felt sure that I was right.

During my administration Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin which made the South very rich. But with this invention began all the trouble about slavery.

I refused a third term of office and retired to Mt. Vernon in 1797.

FATHER TIME. Thomas Jefferson, Writer of the Declaration of Independence.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. I became President in 1801 and also served two terms. I often shocked people by my plain democratic ways. I effected the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. During my administration Robert Fulton invented the steamboat, and in 1807 took his first trip up the Hudson in his boat named the *Clermont*.

FATHER TIME. James Madison.

JAMES MADISON. I served, also, two terms, from 1809 to 1817, and during my administration the second and decisive war with England was fought, that proved that my people could fight on sea as well as on land. On September 10, 1813, Commodore Perry won a brilliant naval victory. On an old letter he sent word to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

During my term of office, the national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was written by Francis Scott Key.

FATHER TIME. James Monroe.

JAMES MONROE. My Monroe Doctrine is known everywhere—in every land: "That we will take no part in any European war; that we will not interfere with any European colonies already established in America; that any attempt on the part of an European nation to interfere with the independence of an American state will be regarded as an unfriendly act."

FATHER TIME. John Quincy Adams.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. During my administration the Erie Canal was opened in 1825.

FATHER TIME. Andrew Jackson, known as "Old Hickory."

ANDREW JACKSON. "The Union! It must and shall be preserved."

During my term of office, in 1831, Cyrus Hall McCormick invented the reaper. The daily newspaper in its modern form was born. The "New York Sun" and the "New York Herald" became more energetic than before in collecting news; they were made in a more convenient form and were cheaper in price. The daily newspaper became a great influence in molding public opinion.

FATHER TIME. John Tyler.

JOHN TYLER. I was elected Vice-President, but a month after Mr. Harrison was inaugurated, he died, and I became president.

In the first year of my term, 1844, Samuel F. B. Morse sent the first message by telegraph, "What hath God wrought?"

FATHER TIME. James Knox Polk.

JAMES KNOX POLK. During my administration the sewing machine was invented by Elias Howe in 1846.

The Mexican War took place 1845 to 1848. In less than two years Mexico was conquered and her entire territory was at the mercy of the United States.

Gold was discovered in California and the people went wild with the news.

FATHER TIME. Edward, look with reverence at our six-

teenth President, Abraham Lincoln, the one who issued the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing all the slaves. We cannot ask him to talk—his name is revered everywhere. He speaks forever!

ED. Thank you so much, all, I have had such a good time. [*All who have taken part come to front laughing and drop robes, hats, etc.*]

BOYS. [*Laughing hilariously.*] That's a fine joke on you, Ed. You thought we were Father Time and all the other characters. [*Laughing.*] [ED suddenly begins to laugh heartily and then the others stop laughing.]

SAM. What's the matter with you?

ED. Oh, [*Laughing and holding his sides*] it is so funny! I think that the joke's on you. You wouldn't study your history when you thought it was work and when you thought it fun, you studied it better than you have ever done!

3RD BOY. Why, we never thought of that!

SAM. It wouldn't be a bad idea to always make a pleasure out of study, would it, boys?

ALL. Let's try it! [*All go out, talking.*]

A GRAMMATICAL DISPUTE

By JOHN BENNETT

"St. Nicholas," August, 1904

A brook and a little tree once went to school
To a bullfrog that lived in a puddle;
They tried to learn all of the grammar by rule,
Which left both of their heads in a muddle.
Of nouns and of pronouns they soon had enough;
Prepositions they found most unbearable stuff;
While auxiliary verbs, they declared, were too tough
To be taught by a toad in a puddle.

"I may, can, or must, might—I could, would, or should,"
Cried the brook—"what nonsensical twaddle!"
"Quite right," said the tree; "and I can't see the good
Of one's stuffing such things in one's noddle!"
"And I vow," cried the brook, "I shall not learn a thing!"
"You mean *will* not, my dear," said the tree, with a swing.
"I said *shall* not," retorted the brook, with a fling;
"Surely *you* do not pose as a model?"

"But *will* is correct," cried the tree, with a look.
"So is *shall*," said the brook, with another.
"It is *will*," said the tree. "It is *shall*," said the brook,
As they both turned their backs on each other.
Thus a quarrel arose 'twixt the brook and the tree,
For neither one knew enough grammar to see
That perhaps right or wrong both or either might be
In the usage of one or the other.

SCENES FROM "THE TALISMAN"

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

FIRST SCENE

[*Meeting of SIR KENNETH and the SARACEN.*]

[SIR KENNETH *appears, robed in a coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side.*

(NOTE.—"The Talisman," which is one of the finest of Sir Walter Scott's stories, is a story of the battles of the Crusaders in Assyria during the year 1191. The leader of the Crusaders is Richard the Lion Heart, and his noble enemy is the Sultan Saladin. The "talisman" is a little red purse which the Sultan Saladin carries in his bosom. He disguises himself as a physician, comes to Richard's camp, and uses this talisman to cure the King of a fever. The heroine, the Lady Edith, a kinswoman of King Richard, marries Sir Kenneth, the heir to the Scottish throne, and Saladin presents her with his "talisman.")

(NOTE.—The Saracen is Saladin in disguise. Later he assumes the disguise of the physician.)

The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

[The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.]

SIR KENNETH. *[Peering into the distance.]* Ah, a Saracen,—and alone. *[SIR KENNETH and the SARACEN meet and battle with each other.]*

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THE SARACEN. There is truce betwixt our nations, wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us.

SIR KENNETH. I am well contented; but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?

THE SARACEN. The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken. It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage.

SIR KENNETH. By the cross of my sword, I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together.

THE SARACEN. By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet, there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach.

[The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yields a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look, or gesture of doubt, ride side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.]

What do you in the desert with an animal, which sinks over the fetlock at every step, as if he would plant each foot deep as the root of a date-tree?

SIR KENNETH. Thou speakest rightly, Saracen [*not delighted at the tone with which the infidel criticized his favorite steed*]*—*rightly, according to thy knowledge and observation. But my good horse hath ere now borne me, in

mine own land, over as wide a lake as thou seest yonder spread out behind us, yet not wet one hair above his hoof.

[THE SARACEN *looked at him with as much surprise as his manners permitted him to testify, which was only expressed by a slight approach to a disdainful smile, that hardly curled perceptibly the broad thick mustache which enveloped his upper lip.*]

THE SARACEN. It is justly spoken.

SIR KENNETH. List to a Frank, and hear a fable. Thou art not courteous, misbeliever, to doubt the word of a dubbed knight; and were it not that thou speakest in ignorance, and not in malice, our truce had its ending ere it is well begun. Thinkest thou I tell thee an untruth when I say, that I, one of five hundred horsemen, armed in complete mail, have ridden—aye, and ridden for miles, upon water as solid as the crystal, and ten times less brittle?

THE SARACEN. What wouldst thou tell me? Yonder inland sea thou dost point at is peculiar in this, that, by the especial curse of God, it suffereth nothing to sink in its waves, but wafts them away, and casts them on its margin; but neither the Dead Sea, nor any of the seven oceans which environ the earth, will endure on their surface the pressure of a horse's hoof, more than the Red Sea endured to sustain the advance of Pharaoh and his host.

SIR KENNETH. You speak truth after your knowledge, Saracen, and yet, trust me, I fable not, according to mine. Heat, in this climate, converts the soil into something almost as unstable as water; and in my land cold often converts the water itself into a substance as hard as rock. Let us speak of this no longer; for the thoughts of the

calm, clear, blue refulgence of a winter's lake, glimmering to stars and moonbeam, aggravate the horrors of this fiery desert, where, methinks, the very air which we breathe is like a vapor of a fiery furnace seven times heated.

THE SARACEN. You are of a nation that loves to laugh, and you make sport with yourselves, and with others, by telling what is impossible, and reporting what never chanced. Thou art one of the knights of France, who hold it for glee and pastime to *gab*, as they term it, of exploits that are beyond human power. I were wrong to challenge, for the time, the privilege of thy speech, since boasting is more natural to thee than truth.

SIR KENNETH. I am not of their land, neither of their fashion, which is, as thou well sayest, to *gab* of that which they dare not undertake, or undertaking cannot perfect. But in this I have imitated their folly, brave Saracen, that in talking to thee of what thou canst not comprehend, I have, even in speaking most simple truth, fully incurred the character of a braggart in thy eyes; so, I pray you, let my words pass.

[They now arrive at the knot of palm-trees, and the fountain which wells out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.]

THE SARACEN. *[After watching SIR KENNETH eat.]* Valiant Nazarene, is it fitting that one who can fight like a man should feed like a dog or a wolf? Even a misbelieving Jew would shudder at the food which you seem to eat, with as much relish as if it were fruit from the trees of Paradise.

SIR KENNETH. Valiant Saracen, know thou that I exer-

cise my Christian freedom, in using that which is forbidden to the Jews, being, as they esteem themselves, under the bondage of the old law of Moses. We, Saracen, be it known to thee, have a better warrant for what we do—Ave Maria! be we thankful. [*As if in defiance of his companion's scruples, he concluded a short Latin grace with a long draught from the leathern bottle.*]

THE SARACEN. That, too, you call a part of your liberty, and as you feed like the brutes, so you degrade yourself to the bestial conditions, by drinking a poisonous liquor which even they refuse!

SIR KENNETH. Know, foolish Saracen, that thou blasphemest the gifts of God, even with the blasphemy of thy father Ishmael. The juice of the grape is given to him that will use it wisely, as that which cheers the heart of man after toil, refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in sorrow. He who so enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine-cup as for his daily bread; and he who abuseth the gift of Heaven is not a greater fool in his intoxication than thou in thine abstinence.

THE SARACEN. Thy words, O Nazarene, might create anger, did not thy ignorance raise compassion. It were better for thyself to turn back thy horse's head toward the camp of thy people, for, to travel toward Jerusalem without a passport is but a wilful casting away of thy life.

SIR KENNETH. I have a pass [*producing a parchment*] under Saladin's hand and signet.

[*THE SARACEN bends his head to the dust as he recognizes the seal and handwriting of the renowned Soldan of Egypt and Syria; and kissing the paper with profound*

respect, he presses it to his forehead, then returns it to the Christian.]

THE SARACEN. Rash Frank, thou hast sinned against thine own blood and mine, for not showing this to me when we met.

SIR KENNETH. You came with leveled spear; had a troop of Saracens so assailed me, it might have stood with my honor to have shown the Soldan's pass, but never to one man.

THE SARACEN. And yet one man was enough to interrupt your journey.

SIR KENNETH. True, brave Moslem, but there are few such as thou art. Such falcons fly not in flocks, or, if they do, they pounce not in numbers upon one.

THE SARACEN. [*Gratified by the compliment.*] Thou dost us but justice. From us thou shouldst have had no wrong; but well was it for me that I failed to slay thee, with the safeguard of the king of kings upon thy person. Certain it were that the cord or the saber had justly avenged such guilt.

SIR KENNETH. I am glad to hear that its influence shall be availing to me, for I have heard that the road is infested with robber-tribes, who regard nothing in comparison of an opportunity of plunder.

THE SARACEN. The truth has been told to thee, brave Christian, but I swear to thee, by the turban of the Prophet, that shouldst thou miscarry in any haunt of such villains, I will myself undertake thy revenge with five thousand

horse; I will slay every male of them, and send their women into such distant captivity, that the name of their tribe shall never again be heard within five hundred miles of Damascus. I will sow with salt the foundations of their village, and there shall never live thing dwell there, even from that time forward.

SIR KENNETH. I had rather the trouble which you design for yourself, were in revenge of some other more important person than of me, noble Emir, but my vow is recorded in Heaven, for good or for evil, and I must be indebted to you for pointing me out the way to my resting-place for this evening.

THE SARACEN. That must be under the black covering of my father's tent.

SIR KENNETH. This night I must pass in prayer and penitence with a holy man, Theodorick of Engaddi, who dwells amongst these wilds, and spends his life in the service of God.

THE SARACEN. I will at least see you safe thither.

SIR KENNETH. That would be pleasant convoy for me, yet might endanger the future security of the good father; for the cruel hand of your people has been red with the blood of the servants of the Lord, and therefore do we come hither in plate and mail, with sword and lance, to open the road to the Holy Sepulcher, and protect the chosen saints and anchorites who yet dwell in this land of promise and of miracle.

THE SARACEN. Nazarene, in this the Greeks and Syrians have much belied us, seeing we do but after the word of

Abubeker Alwakel, the successor of the Prophet, and, after him, the first commander of true believers. "Go forth," he said, "Yezed Ben Sophian," when he sent that renowned general to take Syria from the infidels, "quit yourselves like men in battle, but slay neither the aged, the infirm, the women, nor the children. Waste not the land, neither destroy corn and fruit-trees, they are the gifts of Allah. Keep faith when you have made any covenant, even if it be to your own harm. If ye find holy men laboring with their hands, and serving God in the desert, hurt them not, neither destroy their dwellings. But when you find them with shaven crowns, they are of the synagogue of Satan! smite with the saber, slay, cease not till they become believers or tributaries." As the Caliph, companion of the Prophet, hath told us, so have we done, and those whom our justice has smitten are but the priests of Satan. But unto the good men who, without stirring up nation against nation, worship sincerely in the faith of Issa Ben Mariam, we are a shadow and a shield; and such being he whom you seek, even though the light of the Prophet hath not reached him, from me he will only have love, favor, and regard.

SIR KENNETH. The anchorite whom I would now visit is, I have heard, no priest; but were he of that anointed and sacred order, I would prove with my good lance, against paynim and infidel——

THE SARACEN. Let us not defy each other, brother, we shall find, either of us, enough of Franks or of Moslemah on whom to exercise both sword and lance. This Theodorick is protected both by Turk and Arab.

[Ere they remounted to resume their journey, the Chris-

tian knight again moistened his lips, and dipped his hands in the living fountain.]

SIR KENNETH. I would I knew the name of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it in my grateful remembrance; for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst than I have this day experienced."

THE SARACEN. It is called in the Arabic language by a name which signifies the Diamond of the Desert.

SIR KENNETH. And well is it so named. My native valley hath a thousand springs, but not to one of them shall I attach hereafter such precious recollection as to this solitary fount, which bestows its liquid treasures where they are not only delightful, but nearly indispensable.

THE SARACEN. You say truth, for the curse is still on yonder sea of death, and neither man nor beast drinks of its waves, nor of the river which feeds without filling it, until this inhospitable desert be passed. [*They mount, and pursue their journey across the sandy waste.*] You have asked the name of a mute-fountain which hath the semblance, but not the reality, of a living thing. Let me be pardoned to ask the name of the companion with whom I have this day encountered, both in danger and in repose, and which I cannot fancy unknown, even here among the deserts of Palestine?

SIR KENNETH. It is not yet worth publishing. Know, however, that among the soldiers of the Cross I am called Kenneth—Kenneth of the Couching Leopard; at home I have other titles; but they would sound harsh in an Eastern ear. Brave Saracen, let me ask which of the tribes of

Arabia claims your descent, and by what name you are known?

THE SARACEN. Sir Kenneth, I joy that your name is such as my lips can easily utter. For me, I am no Arab, yet derive my descent from a line neither less wild nor less warlike. Know, Sir Knight of the Leopard, that I am Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain, and that Kurdistan, from which I derive my descent, holds no family more noble than that of Seljook.

SIR KENNETH. I have heard that your great Soldan claims his blood from the same source?

THE SARACEN. Thanks to the Prophet, that hath so far honored our mountains, as to send from their bosom him whose word is victory, I am but as a worm before the King of Egypt and Syria, and yet in my own land something my name may avail.— Stranger, with how many men didst thou come on this warfare?

SIR KENNETH. By my faith, with aid of friends and kinsmen, I was hardly pinched to furnish forth ten well-appointed lances, with maybe some fifty more men, archers and varlets included. Some have deserted my unlucky pennon—some have fallen in battle—several have died of disease—and one trusty armor-bearer, for whose life I am now doing my pilgrimage, lies on the bed of sickness.

THE SARACEN. Christian, here I have five arrows in my quiver, each feathered from the wing of an eagle. When I send one of them to my tents, a thousand warriors mount on horseback—when I send another, an equal force will arise—for the five, I can command five thousand men; and if I send my bow, ten thousand mounted riders will shake

the desert. And with thy fifty followers thou hast come to invade a land, in which I am one of the meanest!

SIR KENNETH. Now, by the rood, Saracen, thou shouldst know, ere thou vauntest thyself, that one steel glove can crush a whole handful of hornets.

THE SARACEN. Ay, but it must first enclose them within its grasp. And is bravery so much esteemed amongst the Christian princes, that thou, thus void of means and of men, canst offer to be my protector and security in the camp of thy brethren?

SIR KENNETH. Know, Saracen, since such is thy style, that the name of a knight, and the blood of a gentleman, entitle him to place himself on the same rank with sovereigns even of the first degree, in so far as regards all but regal authority and dominion. Were Richard of England himself to wound the honor of a knight as poor as I am, he could not, by the law of chivalry, deny him the combat.

THE SARACEN. Methinks I should like to look upon so strange a scene in which a leathern belt and a pair of spurs put the poorest on a level with the most powerful.

SIR KENNETH. You must add free blood and a fearless heart, then, perhaps, you will not have spoken untruly of the dignity of knighthood. I would you saw the ax of King Richard, to which that which hangs at my saddlebow weighs but as a feather.

THE SARACEN. We hear much of that island sovereign; art thou one of his subjects?

SIR KENNETH. One of his followers I am, for this expe-

dition, and honored in the service; but not born his subject, although a native of the island in which he reigns.

THE SARACEN. How mean you? Have you then two kings in one poor island?

SIR KENNETH. As thou sayest. It is even so; and yet, although the inhabitants of the two extremities of that island are engaged in frequent war, the country can, as thou seest, furnish forth such a body of men-at-arms, as may go far to shake the unholy hold which your master hath laid on the cities of Zion.

THE SARACEN. By the beard of Saladin, Nazarene, but that it is a thoughtless and boyish folly, I could laugh at the simplicity of your great Sultan, who comes hither to make conquests of deserts and rocks, and dispute the possession of them with those who have tenfold numbers at command, while he leaves a part of his narrow islet, in which he was born a sovereign, to the dominion of another scepter than his. Surely, Sir Kenneth, you and the other good men of your country should have submitted yourselves to the dominion of this King Richard, ere you left your native land, divided against itself, to set forth on this expedition?

SIR KENNETH. No, by the bright light of Heaven! If the King of England had not set forth to the Crusade till he was sovereign of Scotland, the Crescent might, for me, and all true-hearted Scots, glimmer for ever on the walls of Zion. [*Suddenly recollecting himself.*] *Mea culpa! mea culpa!* what have I, a soldier of the Cross, to do with recollections of war betwixt Christian nations! Let us go on to the abode of Theodorick of Engaddi. [*Pass out.*]

SECOND SCENE

[*In the cell of THEODORICK OF ENGADDI.*]

[KENNETH, the Scot, was uncertain how long his senses had been lost in profound repose, when he was roused to recollection by a sense of oppression on his chest, which at first suggested a flitting dream of struggling with a powerful opponent, and at length recalled him fully to his senses. He was about to demand who was there, when, opening his eyes, he beheld the figure of the anchorite, wild and savage-looking, standing by his bedside, and pressing his right hand upon his breast, while he held a small silver lamp in the other.]

THEODORICK. Be silent; I have that to say to you which yonder infidel must not hear. [*Pointing to THE SARACEN, who lay asleep.*] Arise, put on thy mantle. Speak not, but tread lightly, and follow me. [SIR KENNETH arises and takes his sword.] It needs not. We are going where spiritual arms avail much, and fleshly weapons are but as the reed and the decayed gourd.

[*The knight deposits his sword by the bedside as before, and, armed only with his dagger, from which, in this perilous country, he never parted, prepares to attend his mysterious host.*]

[*The hermit then moves slowly forward, and is followed by the knight, still under some uncertainty whether the dark form which glides on before to show him the path, is not, in fact, the creation of a disturbed dream. They pass, like shadows, into the outer apartment, without disturbing the paynim Emir,*]

who lies still buried in repose. Before the cross and altar, in the outward room, a lamp was still burning, a missal was displayed, and on the floor lay a discipline, or penitential scourge of small cord and wire, the lashes of which were stained with recent blood, a token, no doubt, of the severe penance of the recluse. Here THEODORICK kneels down, and points to the knight to take his place beside him upon the sharp flints, which seemed placed for the purpose of rendering the posture of reverential devotion as uneasy as possible. He read many prayers of the Catholic Church, and chanted, in a low but earnest voice, three of the penitential psalms. These last he intermixed with sighs and tears, and convulsive throbs, which bore witness how deeply he felt the divine poetry which he recited. The Scottish knight assisted with profound sincerity at these acts of devotion, his opinions of his host beginning, in the meantime, to be so much changed, that he doubted whether, from the severity of his penance, and the ardor of his prayers, he ought not to regard him as a saint; and when they arose from the ground, he stood with reverence before him, as a pupil before an honored master. The hermit was, on his side, silent and abstracted for the space of a few minutes.]

THEODORICK. Look into yonder recess, my son, there thou wilt find a veil—bring it hither. [*The knight obeys; and, in a small aperture cut out of the wall, and secured with a door of wicker, he finds the veil enquired for.*] You bring me a greeting from Richard of England?

SIR KENNETH. I come from the Council of Christian

Princes, but the King of England being indisposed, I am not honored with his Majesty's commands.

THEODORICK. Your token?

SIR KENNETH. My password is this—"Kings begged of a beggar."

THEODORICK. It is right; I know you well; but the sentinel upon his post—and mine is an important one—challenges friend as well as foe.

[He then moves forward with the lamp, leading the way into the room which they had left. THE SARACEN lay on his couch, still fast asleep. The hermit pauses by his side and looks down on him.]

He sleeps in darkness, and must not be awakened.

[The attitude of the Emir did indeed convey the idea of profound repose. One arm, flung across his body, as he lay with his face half turned to the wall, concealed, with its loose and long sleeve, the greater part of his face; but the high forehead was yet visible. Its nerves, which during his waking hours were so uncommonly active, were now motionless, as if the face had been composed of dark marble, and his long silken eyelashes closed over his piercing and hawk-like eyes. The open and relaxed hand, and the deep, regular, and soft breathing, gave all tokens of the most profound repose. The slumberer formed a singular group along with the tall forms of the hermit in his shaggy dress of goat-skins, bearing the lamp, and the knight in his close leathern coat; the former with an austere expression of ascetic gloom, the latter with anxious curiosity deeply impressed on his manly features.]

He sleeps soundly. He sleeps in darkness, but there shall be for him a day-spring.— O Ilderim, thy waking thoughts are yet as vain and wild as those which are wheeling their giddy dance through thy sleeping brain; but the trumpet shall be heard, and the dream shall be dissolved.

[So saying, and making the knight a sign to follow him, the hermit goes toward the altar, and, passing behind it, presses a spring, which, opening without noise, showed a small iron door wrought in the side of the cavern, so as to be almost imperceptible, unless upon the most severe scrutiny. The hermit, ere he ventured fully to open the door, dropped some oil on the hinges, which the lamp supplied. A small staircase, hewn in the rock, is discovered, when the iron door was at length completely opened.]

Take the veil which I hold and blind mine eyes; for I may not look on the treasure which thou art presently to behold.

[Without reply, the knight hastily muffled the recluse's head in the veil, and the latter began to ascend the staircase as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use of light, while at the same time he held the lamp to the Scot, who followed him for many steps up the narrow ascent. At length they rested in a small vault of irregular form, in one nook of which the staircase terminated, while in another corner a corresponding stair was seen to continue the ascent.]

[SIR KENNETH found himself within a beautiful chapel. A procession appeared about to issue from the door. First, four beautiful boys, whose arms, neck, and legs were bare, showing the bronze complexion of the East,

and contrasting with the snow-white tunics which they wore, entered the chapel by two and two. The first pair bore censers, which they swung from side to side, adding double fragrance to the odors with which the chapel already was impregnated. The second pair scattered flowers.

[*After these followed, in due and majestic order, the females who composed the choir; six, who, from their black scapularies, and black veils over their white garments, appeared to be professed nuns of the order of Mount Carmel; and as many whose veils, being white, argued them to be novices, or occasional inhabitants in the cloister, who were not as yet bound to it by vows. The former held in their hands large rosaries, while the younger and lighter figures who followed, carried each a chaplet of red and white roses. They moved in procession around the chapel, without appearing to take the slightest notice of KENNETH, although passing so near him that their robes almost touched him; while they continued to sing, the knight doubted not that he was in one of those cloisters where the noble Christian maidens had formerly openly devoted themselves to the services of the Church. Most of them had been suppressed since the Mahometans had reconquered Palestine, but many purchasing connivance by presents, or receiving it from the clemency or contempt of the victors, still continued to observe in private the ritual to which their vows had consecrated them. Yet, though KENNETH knew this to be the case, the solemnity of the place and hour, the surprise at the sudden appearance of these votaresses, and the visionary manner in which they moved past him, had such influence on his imagination, that he could*

scarce conceive that the fair procession which he beheld was formed of creatures of this world, so much did they resemble a choir of supernatural beings, rendering homage to the universal object of adoration.

[Such was the knight's first idea, as the procession passed him, scarce moving, save just sufficiently to continue their progress; so that, seen by the shadowy and religious light which the lamps shed through the clouds of incense which darkened the apartment, they appeared rather to glide than to walk.

[But as a second time, in surrounding the chapel, they passed the spot on which he kneeled, one of the white-stoled maidens, as she glided by him, detached from the chaplet which she carried a rose-bud, which dropped from her fingers, perhaps unconsciously, on the foot of SIR KENNETH.]

SIR KENNETH. *[Whispering, as he slowly rises from his knees.]* The Queen and her court in retreat. *[Glancing at the rose in his hand.]* Lady Edith! *[Passes out, with head bowed.]*

THIRD SCENE

[In the tent of the sick monarch, RICHARD THE LION HEART.]

[SIR THOMAS DE VAUX, Baron of Gilsland, has visited the tent of SIR KENNETH.]

KING RICHARD. This is a strange tale, Sir Thomas; art thou sure this Scottish man is a tall man and true?

SIR THOMAS. I cannot say, my lord. I live a little too

near the Scots to gather much truth among them, having found them ever fair and false. But this man's bearing is that of a true man, were he a devil as well as a Scot—that I must needs say for him in conscience.

KING RICHARD. And for his carriage as a knight, how say'st thou, De Vaux?

SIR THOMAS. It is your Majesty's business more than mine to note men's bearings; and I warrant you have noted the manner in which this man of the Leopard hath borne himself. He hath been full well spoken of.

KING RICHARD. And justly, Thomas. We have ourselves witnessed him. It is indeed our purpose in placing ourselves ever in the front of battle, to see how our liegemen and followers acquit themselves, and not from a desire to accumulate vainglory to ourselves, as some have supposed. We know the vanity of the praise of man, which is but a vapor, and buckle on our armor for other purposes than to win it.

[DE VAUX *alarmed when he heard the King make a declaration so inconsistent with his nature, believed at first that nothing short of the approach of death could have brought him to speak in depreciating terms of military renown, which was the very breath of his nostrils. But recollecting he had met the royal confessor in the outer pavilion, he was shrewd enough to place this temporary self-abasement to the effect of the reverend man's lesson, and suffered the King to proceed without reply.*]

Yes, I have indeed marked the manner in which this knight does his devoir. My leading-staff were not worth a

fool's bauble, had he escaped my notice—and he had ere now tasted of our bounty, but that I have also marked his overweening and audacious presumption.

SIR THOMAS. My liege, I fear I have transgressed your pleasure in lending some countenance to his transgression.

KING RICHARD. How, Thomas, thou? Thou countenance his insolence?—it cannot be.

SIR THOMAS. Nay, your Majesty will pardon me to remind you that I have by mine office right to grant liberty to men of gentle blood, to keep them a hound or two within the camp, just to cherish the noble art of venerie; and besides, it were a sin to have maimed or harmed a thing so noble as this gentleman's dog.

KING RICHARD. Has he then a dog so handsome?

SIR THOMAS. A most perfect creature of Heaven—of the noblest northern breed, deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black color, and brindled on the breast and legs—not spotted with white, but just shaded into gray—strength to pull down a bull, swiftness to cote an antelope.

KING RICHARD. [*Laughing.*] Well, thou hast given him leave to keep the hound, so there is an end of it. Be not, however, liberal of your licenses among those knights, adventurers who have no prince or leader to depend upon—they are ungovernable, and leave no game in Palestine.—But to this piece of learned heathenesse—say'st thou the Scot met him in the desert?

SIR THOMAS. No, my liege, the Scot's tale runs thus:—He was despatched to the old hermit of Engaddi, of whom men talk so much—

KING RICHARD. 'S death! by whom despatched, and for what? Who dared send any one thither, when our Queen was in the Convent of Engaddi, upon her pilgrimage for our recovery?

SIR THOMAS. The Council of the Crusade sent him, my lord, for what purpose, he declined to account to me. I think it is scarce known in the camp that your royal consort is on a pilgrimage—and even the princes may not have been aware, as the Queen has been sequestered from company since your love prohibited her attendance in case of infection.

KING RICHARD. Well, it shall be looked into. So this Scottish man, this envoy, met with a wandering physician at the grotto of Engaddi—ha?

SIR THOMAS. Not so, my liege, but he met, I think, near that place, with a Saracen Emir, with whom he had some *mêlée* in the way of proof of valor, and finding him worthy to bear brave men company, they went together, as errant knights are wont, to the grotto of Engaddi.

KING RICHARD. And did they there meet the physician?

SIR THOMAS. No, my liege, but the Saracen, learning your Majesty's grievous illness, undertook that Saladin should send his own physician to you, with many assurances of his eminent skill. This physician came to the grotto accordingly, after the Scottish knight had tarried a day for him and more. He is attended as if he were a prince, with drums and atabals, and servants on horse and foot, and brings with him letters of credence from Saladin.

KING RICHARD. Have they been examined by Giacomo Loredani?

SIR THOMAS. I showed them to the interpreter ere bringing them hither, and behold their contents in English.

KING RICHARD. [*Taking a scroll in which were inscribed these words, reads.*—“The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahommed!” Out upon the hound! [*spitting in contempt, by way of interjection*]. “Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet,” [Confusion on his head!] “we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee at this time the physician to our own person, Adonbec el Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael spreads his wings, and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon, and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do, praying you heartily to honor and make use of his skill, not only that we may do service to thy worth and valor, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honorable agreement, or by open trial thereof with our weapons, in a fair field; seeing that it neither becomes thy place and courage to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his taskmaster, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And, therefore, may the holy—”

I will have no more of his dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should

believe in a dead dog.—Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim—I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity. I will meet Saladin in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-ax—I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured—he shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both.—Haste, De Vaux, why dost thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither.

[SIR THOMAS leaves tent. He soon returns with the physician. Several of the King's court also enter. The physician, who is the SALADIN in disguise, bows deeply to all.]

GRAND MASTER. Infidel, hast thou the courage to practice thine art upon the person of an anointed sovereign of the Christian host?

PHYSICIAN. The sun of Allah shines on the Nazarene as well as on the true believer, and his servant dare make no distinction betwixt them, when called on to exercise the art of healing.

GRAND MASTER. Misbelieving Hakim, or whatsoever they call thee for an unbaptized slave of darkness, dost thou well know that thou shalt be torn asunder by wild horses should King Richard die under thy charge?

PHYSICIAN. That were hard justice, seeing that I can but use human means, and that the issue is written in the book of light.

MARQUIS OF MONTSERRAT. Nay, reverend and valiant Grand Master, consider that this learned man is not acquainted with our Christian order, adopted in the fear of God, and for the safety of his anointed.—Be it known unto thee, grave physician, whose skill we doubt not, that your wisest course is to repair to the presence of the illustrious Council of our Holy League, and there to give account and reckoning to such wise and learned leeches as they shall nominate, concerning your means of process and cure of this illustrious patient, so shall you escape all the danger which, rashly taking such a high matter upon your sole answer, you may else most likely incur.

PHYSICIAN. My lords, I understand you well. But knowledge hath its champions as well as your military art,—nay, hath sometimes had its martyrs as well as religion. I have the command of my sovereign, the Soldan Saladin, to heal this Nazarene King, and, with the blessing of the Prophet, I will obey his commands. If I fail, ye wear swords thirsting for the blood of the faithful, and I proffer my body to your weapons. But I will not reason with you, a Christian, upon the virtue of the medicines of which I have obtained knowledge, through the grace of the Prophet, and I pray you interpose no delay between me and my office.

SIR THOMAS. Who talks of delay? we have had but too much already.—I salute you, my Lord of Montserrat, and you, valiant Grand Master; but I must presently pass with this learned physician to the bedside of my master.

MARQUIS OF MONTSERRAT. My lord, are you well advised that we came to expostulate, on the part of the Council of the monarchs and princes of the Crusade, against the risk of permitting an infidel and Eastern physician to tamper

with a health so valuable as that of your master King Richard?

SIR THOMAS. Noble Lord Marquis, I can neither use many words, nor do I delight in listening to them; moreover, I am much more ready to believe what my eyes have seen than what my ears have heard. I am satisfied. [*Turning to SALADIN, takes him to King's bedside.*]

[*He feels the King's pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stand silent and in breathless expectation. The sage next fills a cup with spring water and dips into it the small red purse, which he takes from his bosom. When he seems to think it sufficiently medicated, he is about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevents him.*]

KING RICHARD. Hold an instant.—Thou hast felt my pulse, let me lay my finger on thine.—I, too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art.

[*The Arabian yields his hand without hesitation, and his long slender dark fingers are, for an instant, enclosed, and almost buried, in the large enfoldment of KING RICHARD'S hand.*]

His blood beats calm as an infant's, so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honor and safety—Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior would desire to be thanked.

[*He then raises himself in bed, takes the cup in his hand, and turning to the MARQUIS and the GRAND MASTER.*]

Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine—"To the immortal honor of the first Crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plow on which he hath laid his hand!"

[He drains the cup to the bottom, resigns it to the Arabian, and sinks back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which are arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directs that all shall leave the tent, excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment is cleared accordingly.]

FOURTH SCENE

[Trouble in the German Camp.]

KING RICHARD. *[Sitting up and rubbing his eyes.]*
What present sum of money is in the royal coffers?

SIR THOMAS. I cannot tell the exact amount.

KING RICHARD. It matters not, be it great or small, bestow it all on this learned leech, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the Crusade. If it be less than a thousand byzants, let him have jewels to make it up.

PHYSICIAN. I sell not the wisdom with which Allah has endowed me, and be it known to you, great Prince, that the divine medicine of which you have partaken would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues either for gold or diamonds.

SIR THOMAS. *[Aside.]* The physician refuseth a gratu-

ity! This is more extraordinary than his being an hundred years old.

KING RICHARD. Thomas de Vaux, thou knowest no courage but what belongs to the sword, no bounty and virtue but what are used in chivalry—I tell thee that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to them who account themselves the flower of knighthood.

PHYSICIAN. It is reward enough for me [*folding his arms on his bosom, and maintaining an attitude at once respectful and dignified*], that so great a king as the Melech Ric should thus speak of his servant.—But now, let me pray you again to compose yourself on your couch; for though I think there needs no further repetition of the divine draught, yet injury might ensue from any too early exertion, ere your strength be entirely restored.

KING RICHARD. I must obey thee, Hakim, yet believe me, my bosom feels so free from the wasting fire, which for so many days hath scorched it, that I care not how soon I expose it to a brave man's lance.—But hark! what mean these shouts, and that distant music in the camp? Go, Thomas de Vaux, and make enquiry. [*SIR THOMAS goes out but returns instantly.*]

SIR THOMAS. It is the Archduke Leopold, who makes with his pot-companions some procession through the camp.

KING RICHARD. The drunken fool! can he not keep his brutal inebriety within the veil of his pavilion, that he must needs show his shame to all Christendom?—What say you, Sir Marquis? [*addressing himself to CONRADE OF MONTSERRAT, who at that moment entered the tent.*]

MARQUIS MONTSERRAT. Thus much, honored Prince, that

I delight to see your Majesty so well, and so far recovered; and that is a long speech for any one to make who has partaken of the Duke of Austria's hospitality.

KING RICHARD. What! you have been dining with the Teutonic wine-skin, and what frolic has he found out to cause all this disturbance? Truly, Sir Conrade, I have still held you so good a reveler, that I wonder at your quitting the game.

[DE VAUX, *who had got a little behind the King, now exerted himself, by look and sign, to make the Marquis understand that he should say nothing to RICHARD of what was passing without. But CONRADE understood not, or heeded not, the prohibition.*]

MARQUIS MONTSERRAT. What the Archduke does is of little consequence to any one, least of all to himself, since he probably knows not what he is acting; yet, to say truth, it is a gambol I should not like to share in, since he is pulling down the banner of England from Saint George's Mount in the center of the camp yonder, and displaying his own in its stead.

KING RICHARD. [*Shouting.*] What say'st thou?

MARQUIS MONTSERRAT. Nay, let it not chafe your Highness that a fool should act according to his folly—

KING RICHARD. Speak not to me [*springing from his couch, and casting on his clothes with a dispatch which seemed marvelous*] speak not to me, Lord Marquis!—De Vaux, I command thee speak not a word to me—he that breathes but a syllable is no friend to Richard Plantagenet.—Hakim, be silent, I charge thee!

[*All this while the KING is hastily clothing himself, and with the last word, snatches his sword from the pillar of the tent, and without any other weapon, or calling any attendance, he rushes out of the pavilion. CONRADE, holding up his hands as if in astonishment, seems willing to enter into conversation with DE VAUX, but SIR THOMAS pushes rudely past him.*]

SIR THOMAS. [*Calling to one of the royal equerries.*] Fly to Lord Salisbury's quarters, and let him get his men together, and follow me instantly to Saint George's Mount. Tell him the King's fever has left his blood, and settled in his brain.

[*The summit of the eminence was a small level space, on which were pitched the rival banners, surrounded still by the Archduke's friends and retinue. In the midst of the circle was LEOPOLD himself, still contemplating with self-satisfaction the deed he had done, and still listening to the shouts of applause which his partisans bestowed with no sparing breath. While he was in this state of self-gratulation, RICHARD burst into the circle, attended, indeed, only by two men, but in his own headlong energies an irresistible host.*]

KING RICHARD. Who has dared [*laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound which precedes an earthquake*] who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?

LEOPOLD. It was I, Leopold of Austria.

KING RICHARD. Then shall Leopold of Austria presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England.

[Pulls up the standard-spear, splinters it to pieces, throws the banner itself on the ground, and places his foot upon it.]

Thus I trample on the banner of Austria!—Is there a knight among your Teutonic chivalry dare impeach my deed?

[There was a momentary silence; but there are no braver men than the Germans.]

VOICES. I! I! I!

EARL WALLENRODE. Why do we dally thus? Brethren, and noble gentlemen, this man's foot is on the honor of your country—Let us rescue it from violation, and down with the pride of England!

[So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the KING a blow which might have proved fatal, had not SIR KENNETH intercepted and caught it upon his shield.]

KING RICHARD. I have sworn never to strike one whose shoulder bears the cross; therefore live, Wallenrode—but live to remember Richard of England.

[As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist, and, unmatched in wrestling, as in other military exercises, hurled him backwards with such violence that the mass flew, as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators who witnessed the extraordinary scene, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep side of which WALLENRODE rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like

one dead. This almost supernatural display of strength did not encourage either the Duke or any of his followers to renew a personal contest so inauspiciously commenced. Those who stood farthest back did, indeed, clash their swords, and cry out, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces" but those who were nearer, veiled, perhaps, their personal fears under an affected regard for order, and cried for the most part, "Peace! peace! the peace of the Cross! the peace of Holy Church, and our father the Pope!"]

[*At this moment KING PHILIP OF FRANCE, attended by one or two of his nobles, came on the platform to enquire the cause of the disturbance, and made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick bed, and confronting their common ally the Duke of Austria, in such a menacing and insulting posture.*]

PHILIP OF FRANCE. What means this unseemly broil betwixt the sworn brethren of the Cross—the royal Majesty of England and the princely Duke Leopold? How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition—

KING RICHARD. A truce with thy remonstrance, France [*enraged inwardly at finding himself placed on a sort of equality with LEOPOLD, yet not knowing how to resent it*] this Duke, or prince, or pillar, if you will, hath been insolent, and I have chastised him—that is all.

LEOPOLD. Majesty of France, I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity which I have sustained. This King of England hath pulled down my banner—torn and trampled on it.

KING RICHARD. Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine.

LEOPOLD. My rank as thine equal entitled me.

KING RICHARD. Assert such equality for thy person, and, by Saint George, I will treat thy person as I did thy broidered kerchief there, fit but for the meanest use to which kerchief may be put.

PHILIP OF FRANCE. Nay, but patience, brother of England, and I shall presently show Austria that he is wrong in this matter.—Do not think, noble Duke, that, in permitting the standard of England to occupy the highest point in our camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknowledge any inferiority to the royal Richard. It were inconsistent to think so; since even the Oriflamme itself—the great banner of France, to which the royal Richard himself, in respect of his French possessions, is but a vassal—holds for the present an inferior place to the Lions of England. But as sworn brethren of the Cross, military pilgrims, who, laying aside the pomp and pride of this world, are hewing with our swords the way to the Holy Sepulcher, I myself, and the other princes, have renounced to King Richard, from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms, that precedence, which elsewhere and upon other motives would not have been yielded. I am satisfied, that when your royal Grace of Austria shall have considered this, you will express sorrow for having placed your banner on this spot, and that the royal Majesty of England will then give satisfaction for the insult he has offered.

LEOPOLD. [*Sullenly.*] I shall refer this quarrel to the General Council of the Crusade.

PHILIP OF FRANCE. Right!

KING RICHARD. I am drowsy—this fever hangs about me still. Brother of France, thou art acquainted with my humor, and that I have at all times but few words to spare—know, therefore, at once, I will submit a matter touching the honor of England neither to prince, pope, nor council. Here stands my banner—whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it—aye, were it the Oriflamme, of which you were, I think, but now speaking—shall be treated as that dishonored rag; nor will I yield other satisfaction than that which these poor limbs can render in the lists to any bold challenge—aye, were it against five champions instead of one.

PHILIP OF FRANCE. I came not hither to awaken fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn, and the holy cause in which we have engaged. I part from my brother of England as brothers should part, and the only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France shall be, which shall be carried deepest into the ranks of the infidels.

KING RICHARD. It is a bargain, my royal brother [*stretching out his hand with all the frankness which belonged to his rash but generous disposition*], and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant and fraternal wager.

PHILIP OF FRANCE. Let this noble Duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment.

KING RICHARD. I think not of fools, nor of their folly. [*The Archduke, turning his back on him, withdraws from the ground.*]

There is a sort of glow-worm courage that shows only by night. I must not leave this banner unguarded in darkness; by daylight the look of the Lions will alone defend it. Here, Thomas De Vaux, I give thee the charge of the standard—watch over the honor of England.

SIR THOMAS. Her safety is yet more dear to me, and the life of Richard is the safety of England—I must have your Highness back to your tent, and that without further tarriance.

KING RICHARD. [*Smiling.*] Thou art a rough and peremptory nurse, De Vaux. [*Addressing SIR KENNETH.*] Valiant Scot, I owe thee a boon, and I will pay it richly. There stands the banner of England! Watch it as a novice does his armor on the night before he is dubbed. Stir not from it three spears' length, and defend it with thy body against injury or insult—Sound thy bugle, if thou art assailed by more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge?

SIR KENNETH. Willingly, and will discharge it upon penalty of my head. I will but arm me, and return hither instantly. [*Passes out.*]

[*The Kings of France and England take formal leave of each other.*]

[*That night while SIR KENNETH is guarding the standard he receives a message, supposedly from LADY EDITH, to come to the Queen's abode at once. The Queen and some of her ladies instigated this practical joke. LADY EDITH is terribly frightened when she hears about it. SIR KENNETH deserts his post for a few minutes. During that time, the standard is torn down, the pole demolished, and his dog badly wounded.*]

[SIR KENNETH is sentenced to death by KING RICHARD. The Queen and the ladies of her court beg for his life. SALADIN, still disguised as the physician, asks for SIR KENNETH to be given to him. This KING RICHARD grants.]

[Later, SALADIN sends SIR KENNETH, disguised as a Nubian slave, back to KING RICHARD'S camp. Here is also his dog, who has recovered from the wounds.]

FIFTH SCENE

[A Nubian slave brings a message to KING RICHARD.]

[The messenger prostrates himself, at the same time partially uncovering his shoulders, in sign of humiliation, and having touched the earth with his forehead, arises so far as to rest on one knee, while he delivers to the King a silken napkin, enclosing another of cloth of gold, within which was a letter from SALADIN in the original Arabic, with a translation into Norman-English.]

KING RICHARD. [*Reading.*] Saladin, King of kings, to Melech Ric, the Lion of England. Whereas, we are informed by thy last message, that thou hast chosen war rather than peace, and our enmity rather than our friendship, we account thee as one blinded in this matter, and trust shortly to convince thee of thine error, by the help of our invincible forces of the thousand tribes, when Mohammed, the Prophet of God, and Allah, the God of the Prophet, shall judge the controversy betwixt us. In what remains we make noble account of thee, and of the gifts which thou hast sent us, and of the two

dwarfs, singular in their deformity as Ysop, and mirthful as the lute of Isaack. And in requital of these tokens from the treasure-house of thy bounty, behold we have sent thee a Nubian slave, named Zohauk, of whom judge not by his complexion, according to the foolish ones of the earth, in respect the dark-rinded fruit hath the most exquisite flavor. Know that he is strong to execute the will of his master, as Rustan of Zablestan; also he is wise to give counsel when thou shalt learn to hold communication with him, for the Lord of Speech hath been stricken with silence betwixt the ivory walls of his palace. We commend him to thy care, hoping the hour may not be distant when he may render thee good service. And herewith we bid thee farewell; trusting that our most holy Prophet may yet call thee to a sight of the truth, failing which illumination, our desire is for the speedy restoration of thy royal health that Allah may judge between thee and us in a plain field of battle.

[This missive was sanctioned by the signature and seal of the Soldan.]

RICHARD. *[Surveys the Nubian in silence as he stands before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship, waiting life from the touch of a Prometheus. The King of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor, HENRY THE EIGHTH, loved to look upon a MAN, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed.]* Art thou a pagan?

[The slave shakes his head, and raising his finger to his brow, crosses himself in token of his Christianity, then resumes his posture of motionless humility.]

A Nubian Christian, doubtless, and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?

[The mute again slowly shakes his head in token of negative, pointed with his forefinger to Heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.]

I understand thee; thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?

[The mute nods, and, stepping towards the coat of mail, which hangs, with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handles it with such nicety of address as sufficiently to show that he fully understands the business of the armor-bearer.]

Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful knave; thou shalt wait in my chamber and on my person, to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply.

[The Nubian again prostrates himself till his brow touches the earth, then stands erect at some paces distant, as if waiting for his new master's commands.]

Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently, for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin it should be bright and unsullied as his honor and mine own.

[A horn is heard without.]

SIR HENRY NEVILLE [*entering with a packet of despatches.*] From England, my lord.

KING RICHARD. From England, our own England! Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow—faint friends and forward enemies. [*Opening the despatches.*] Ha! this comes from no peaceful land; they, too, have their feuds.—Neville, begone.—I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure.

[NEVILLE *withdrew accordingly, and RICHARD was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions.*

[*Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the King. He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavesse, or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel-plating, which RICHARD often used in reconnoitering, or actually storming, fortified places, as a more effectual protection against missile weapons, than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback. This pavesse bore neither the royal lions of England, nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced; the care, therefore, of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful. Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave, and which, as if he felt awed by being transferred to a royal owner, was couched close to the side of the mute,*

with head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him.

[A marabout began to dance for the soldiers gathered around. Their noise, presently, became very disturbing to the King.]

KING RICHARD. How, knaves, no respect, no observance!
[Instant quietness.]

[The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from RICHARD'S person, when, starting on his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the King's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the cangiar, or poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve. Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian, seeing in the polished shield what was about to happen, had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and ere the latter could strike the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the Charegite, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground. Aware of what had passed, RICHARD had now arisen, and with little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance, than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud, and

*once in a broken tone, the words "Allah ackbar!"—
God is victorious—and expired at the King's feet.]*

KING RICHARD. Ye are careful watchers [*to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach*], watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand.—Be silent all of you, and cease your senseless clamor! saw ye never a dead Turk before?—Here—cast that carrion out of the camp, strike the head from the trunk, and stick it on a lance, taking care to turn the face to Mecca, that he may the easier tell the foul impostor, on whose inspiration he came hither, how he has sped on his errand.—For thee, my swart and silent friend—[*turning to the Ethiopian*].—But how 's this?—thou art wounded—and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me, for by force of stab so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than raze the lion's hide.—Suck the poison from his wound, one of you—the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood.

[The yeomen look on each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who fear no other.]

How now, sirrahs, are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?

ARCHER. Not the death of a man; but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like a Martlemas ox.

2ND ARCHER. His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison as if he said, "Go to, swallow a gooseberry!"

KING RICHARD. Nay, I never bade man do that which I would not do myself.

[And without further ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around, and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the King of England applies his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment. LONG ALLEN also interposed, saying, that if it were necessary to prevent the King engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth, were at the service of the negro, (as he called the Ethiopian) and that he would eat him up bodily, rather than KING RICHARD'S mouth should again approach him.]

[NEVILLE, who enters with other officers, adds his remonstrances.]

Nay, nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over. The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn. An angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch—and for me, I have but to take a drachm of orvietan by way of precaution, though it is needless.

Peace, I prithee—make no more of it—I did it but to show these ignorant prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with sarbacanes and poisoned shafts.—But,

take thee this Nubian to thy quarters, Neville. I have changed my mind touching him; let him be well cared for. But, hark in thine ear—see that he escapes thee not—there is more in him than seems. Let him have all liberty, so that he leave not the camp.

SIXTH SCENE

THE COMBAT

[KING RICHARD, *in sucking the wound*, finds out that the Nubian's skin is really white. He guesses the identity of the slave and readily assents to a plan, written by the slave, to allow the dog to find the traitor who tore down the flag. The dog seizes CONRADE, MARQUIS OF MONT-SERRAT, and he and SIR KENNETH, restored to his proper standing, take part in a combat at SALADIN's palace. KING RICHARD discovers that the physician is SALADIN.

[A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with

a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were enclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. CONRADE also-presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery.

[The priests, after a solemn prayer, that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists.]

HERALD-AT-ARMS. Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said King.

[When the words KENNETH OF SCOTLAND announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of KING RICHARD, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance. They stood thus

for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. CONRADE, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true, that it shivered into splinters from the steel spear-head up to the very gauntlet. The horse of SIR KENNETH recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for CONRADE, there was no recovery. SIR KENNETH'S lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a secret, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in the wound. The sponsors, heralds, and SALADIN himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while SIR KENNETH, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed.]

MARQUIS MONTSERRAT. [*Gazing wildly on the skies.*] What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty; but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!

KING RICHARD. The talisman—the powerful remedy, royal brother!

SALADIN. The traitor is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels, than to profit by its virtues; and some such fate is in his look, for though his wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the wretch's brow.

KING RICHARD. Nevertheless, I pray you do for him what you may, that he may at least have time for confession. Slay not soul and body! To him one half-hour of time may be worth more, by ten thousand-fold, than the life of the oldest patriarch.

SALADIN. My royal brother's wish shall be obeyed. Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent.

GRAND MASTER. Do not so. The royal Duke of Austria and myself will not permit this unhappy Christian prince to be delivered over to the Saracens, that they may try their spells upon him. We are his sponsors, and demand that he be assigned to our care.

KING RICHARD. That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?

GRAND MASTER. Not so. If the Soldan useth lawful medicines, he may attend the patient in my tent.

KING RICHARD. Do so, I pray thee, good brother, though the permission be ungraciously yielded.—But now to a more glorious work.—Sound, trumpets—shout, England—in honor of England's champion!

[Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal, ring forth at once, and the deep and regular shout which for ages has been the English acclamation, sound amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapa-

son of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There is silence at length.]

KING RICHARD. Brave Knight of the Leopard, thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin, and the leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry.

[The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.]

And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception.

[SALADIN bends his head gracefully, but declines the invitation.]

SALADIN. I must attend the wounded man.

KING RICHARD. Hark! the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery; and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab's eye could sully the luster of a lady's cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph.—How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!

[BLONDEL tunes his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of QUEEN BERENGARIA. He enters, supported on either side by his sponsors, RICHARD and THOMAS LONGSWORD, and kneels gracefully down before the Queen, though

more than half the homage is silently rendered to EDITH, who sits on her right hand.]

KING RICHARD. Let Beauty honor Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favor thou canst give. Unlace his helmet, Edith—by this hand thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!

[Both ladies obey the royal commands,—BERENGARIA with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humor, and EDITH, blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undoes, with LONGSWORD'S assistance, the fastenings which secure the helmet to the gorget.]

And what expect you from beneath this iron shell? *[The removal of the casque gives to view the noble countenance of SIR KENNETH, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion.]* What think ye of him, gallants and beauties? Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword!—Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you unknown save by his worth; he arises, equally distinguished by birth and by fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!

[There is a general exclamation of surprise, and EDITH drops from her hand the helmet which she has just received.]

Yes, my masters, it is even so. Ye know how Scotland

deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl, with a bold company of her best and noblest, to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth, under whom the Scottish Crusaders were to have been arrayed, thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants, which was augmented by many of his countrymen to whom the rank of their leader was unknown. The confidants of the royal prince had all, saving one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off, in a Scottish adventurer, one of the noblest hopes of Europe.—Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence?—Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?

SIR KENNETH. I did you not that injustice, royal Richard, but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life, endangered for default of loyalty. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it save *in articulo mortis*, and under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit.

KING RICHARD. It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my severe sentence? Well did he say, that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb.—A limb!—I should have wished it undone had it cost me my life—

since the world would have said that Richard had abused the condition in which the heir of Scotland had placed himself, by his confidence in his generosity.

SALADIN. [*Joining them.*] But think not, thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin, than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth, as the cool draught, which I here proffer thee, is as delicious from an earthen vessel as from a goblet of gold.

[*The EARL OF HUNTINGDON makes a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services he has received from the generous Soldan, pledges SALADIN in the bowl of sherbet, which he proffers to him.*]

SIR KENNETH. [*With a smile.*] The brave cavalier, Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow.

SALADIN. Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Curdman as wise as a Hakim? He who puts on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which he assumes. I desired to see how a brave and single-hearted cavalier of Frangistan would conduct himself in debate with such a chief as I then seemed; and I questioned the truth of a well-known fact, to know by what arguments thou wouldst support thy assertion.

[*SALADIN, as they all rise to depart, advances and takes CŒUR DE LION by the hand.*]

Noble King of England, we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved, no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin, shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Aye, and the same should be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train!

EPILOGUE

The next day saw RICHARD'S return to his own camp, and in a short space afterwards, the young EARL OF HUNTINGDON was espoused by EDITH PLANTAGENET. The Soldan sent, as a nuptial present on this occasion, the celebrated Talisman; but though many cures were wrought by means of it in Europe, none equaled in success and celebrity those which the Soldan achieved. It is still in existence, having been bequeathed by the EARL OF HUNTINGDON to a brave knight of Scotland, SIR SIMON OF THE LEE, in whose ancient and highly honored family it is still preserved; and although charmed stones have been dismissed from the modern Pharmacopœia, its virtues are still applied to for stopping blood, and in cases of canine madness.

Our story closes here, as the terms on which RICHARD relinquished his conquests are to be found in every history of the period.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

I

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty.
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:

“ ’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor ’s a noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What ’s best to rid us of our vermin!

.
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we ’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we ’ll send you packing!”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;

At length the Mayor broke silence:

.
“Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!”

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?

“Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what ’s that?”

.

V

“Come in!” the Mayor cried, looking bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red,

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in;

There was no guessing his kith and kin
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

.

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I 'm able
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I cased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

“One? fifty thousand!”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'—
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'—
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what ’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we ’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait, . . .
.
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d ’ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?”

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm yard when barley is scatter-
ing,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“He never can cross that mighty top!
He ’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And would not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“It ’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can’t forget that I ’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings:

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—

Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,

And on the great church window painted

The same, to make the world acquainted

How their children were stolen away,

And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there 's a tribe

Of alien people who ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress

On which their neighbors lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterraneous prison

Into which they were trepanned

Long time ago in a mighty band

Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick land,

But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers

Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!

And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice,

If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

CHARLES and MARY LAMB

There was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for, on a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death. But, as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded, in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it; and at the

end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give up him and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but, recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.

Oberon, the king, and Titania, the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened at this time a sad disagreement: they never met by

moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarreling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in the wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king.

The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company."

"Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am I not thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger.

"Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy-councilor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Good-fellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk; sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and, while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the vessel, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing-copper, the ale was

sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman; and then the gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

“Come hither, Puck,” said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; “fetch me the flower which maids call ‘Love in Idleness.’ The juice of that little purple flower, laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and, while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the woods. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him and, after many unkind words on his part and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower Oberon said to his favorite: "Take a part of the flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be his despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night with lullaby.”

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby they left her, to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

“What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take.”

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her to conduct her to his aunt's house ; but before they had passed half through the wood Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady that had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and, lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek ; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he

awoke: so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground. Is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well

she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend, in this disdainful manner, to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime, Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned, by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and, the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment, Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved

her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest. The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend! Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sample wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend.”

“I am amazed at your passionate words,” said Hermia: “I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me.”

“Ay, do,” returned Helena, “persevere; counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus.”

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him,

“This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?”

“Believe me, king of shadows,” answered Puck, “it was a mistake: did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport.”

“You heard,” said Oberon, “that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival’s tongue they hear. See you do this till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander’s eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck; and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found.”

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her who had lost his way in the wood and was likewise asleep, “This fellow,” said he, “shall be my Titania’s true love;” and clapping an ass’s head over the clown’s, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass’s head on very gently, it awakened him; and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

“Ah! what angel is that I see?” said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect. “Are you as wise as you are beautiful?”

“Why, mistress,” said the foolish clown, “if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn.”

“Out of the wood do not desire to go,” said the enamored queen. “I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you.”

She then called four of her fairies; their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

“Attend,” said the queen, “upon this sweet gentleman; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me,” said she to the clown, “and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass, and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!”

“Where is Pease-blossom?” said the ass-headed clown; not much regarding the fairy queen’s courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

“Here, sir,” said little Pease-blossom.

“Scratch my head,” said the clown. “Where is Cobweb?”

“Here, sir,” said Cobweb.

“Good Mr. Cobweb,” said the foolish clown, “kill me the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflowed with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-Seed?”

“Here, sir,” said Mustard-seed; “what is your will?”

“Nothing,” said the clown, “good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber’s, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.”

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy who shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O, how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass. When he had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which by his merry contrivance he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived, with the utmost diligence, to bring them

all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and, finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him, and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason, which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised at the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on

which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

OUR FLAG

FIRST SCENE—CAMBRIDGE IN FALL OF 1775

CHARACTERS

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COLONEL THOMAS LYNCH OF CAROLINA.

HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON OF VIRGINIA.

A PROFESSOR OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

HOST AND HOSTESS OF HOME IN CAMBRIDGE.

SECOND SCENE—239 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, IN SPRING OF 1776
OR 1777 (DISPUTED)

MISTRESS BETSY ROSS.

NIECE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HON. ROBERT MORRIS.

COLONEL GEORGE ROSS.

HOSTESS. [*To Committee.*] Welcome, gentlemen. Colonel Washington will be here shortly. You must be very tired after your long journey.

DR. FRANKLIN. We cannot give much thought to personal comfort these troubled days.

COLONEL LYNCH. Here is Colonel Washington now.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. [*Entering in company with the PROFESSOR and the Host.*] A hearty welcome, gentlemen. My friend Professor Sayre and our good host.

BENJAMIN HARRISON. Congress has appointed us as a

committee to confer with you concerning a suitable flag to be used by our united colonies.

DR. FRANKLIN. Your letter to Congress, Colonel Washington, in which you asked us to fix on some particular flag and a signal by which our vessels may know each other, was read in Congress and approved.

COLONEL LYNCH. I have here the plan you submitted in your letter, of a flag with a white ground, a tree in the middle, and with the motto, "An appeal to Heaven." Have you any other suggestions to make?

GEORGE WASHINGTON. No—but the need of one flag for all the colonies is urgent. We want a flag with a design that means something. There is Massachusetts carrying a flag with a pine tree; New York a Dutch flag; New Jersey with the motto, "Liberty or Death"; another with a rattlesnake with the inscription, "Don't tread on me," and many others.

COLONEL LYNCH. Will not your friend, Professor Sayre, and our host join in our meeting?

PROFESSOR SAYRE. Most willingly, and I propose our fair hostess. A lady's taste is needed when it comes to a design.

HOSTESS. The bars and stripes of your family escutcheon, Colonel Washington, would look passing well.

DR. FRANKLIN. Yes,—thirteen stripes for the thirteen colonies.

PROFESSOR SAYRE. Let it be a progressive flag, red stripes to show determination, enthusiasm, and power to use force when necessary.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Let the red be alternated with white bars—to show justice and intelligence. To show that we are willing, when it is right, to be peaceable and statesmanlike.

DR. FRANKLIN. With the Union Jack in the corner to show the union of the colonies.

HOSTESS. What is the origin, Professor, of the Union Jack?

PROFESSOR SAYRE. The word Jack is from the French word Jacques, which means James. You see in 1606, James was King of England. Before this the Scotch flag was a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground and the English flag a red cross of St. George on a white ground. At the union of these two countries the flags were merged and it was called the "King's Colors," or the "Union Jack."

GEORGE WASHINGTON. On this plan, then, gentlemen, I shall submit a drawing to Congress to be used by all our united colonies. [*All pass out, talking earnestly.*]

SECOND SCENE

[BETSY ROSS, *sitting, sewing in her home. Singing softly.*]

NIECE. [*Entering.*] How can you sit there, sewing, Aunt Betsy, with the sound of the soldiers marching in the streets, and the beating of the drums!

BETSY ROSS. Since my good husband died I must needs sew and earn my daily bread. It would become you more to do the same.

NIECE. Look—Aunt—General Washington, and the Hon

Robert Morris, and your husband's uncle, Colonel Ross, are coming up the path.

BETSY ROSS. [*Jumping up.*] Is my kerchief straight? [*Arranges dress, etc.*]

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Good morning, Mistress Betsy Ross, and your fair niece. [*Others bow.*]

BETSY ROSS. Good morning, General Washington. Gentlemen, you honor my poor dwelling.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Mistress Betsy, we have heard of your excellent sewing and we have brought a plan, which we have adopted after long deliberation, for our country's flag. [*Takes out plan and shows it to BETSY.*] The thirteen stripes are to be red and white bunting with the red the first and last stripes and alternating with the white; the field a dark blue and the thirteen stars of white arranged in a circle. Can you follow it?

BETSY ROSS. Yes, sir, but, why do you use that ugly six-pointed star? Why not a five-pointed one?

[*All look at each other.*]

ROBERT MORRIS. Why—in English heraldry the star has six points.

BETSY ROSS. All the more reason, then, why ours should be five pointed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Can you cut a five-pointed star, Mistress Betsy?

BETSY ROSS. Certainly, and with one cut of the scissors. [*Picks up square of paper.*] Fold it, and again, and again,

and again, and cut it across and there it is. [*Holds up the star.*]

ALL. Good! That is the star for us.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Well, Mistress Betsy, we shall leave the plan with you. [*All pass out.*]

(Children of the audience can pass easily from this simple play to the following dignified tribute.)

(NOTE.—The following quotations have been collected from many sources.)

1ST SPEAKER.

“Oh, what is it floats above us, so dauntlessly on high,
The sunset bars, the midnight stars, a glory in the sky!
The winds are waiting on it, with rainbows, storms, and
showers,
And all the sunshine of the land pours through that flag of
ours.”

2ND SPEAKER. And it is the same flag, standing for the same ideals, which we all honor and respect, that was first made by Mistress Betsy Ross, in the little house on Arch Street, Philadelphia.

3RD SPEAKER.

“Under our own flag, still we will sail her—
Gallantly sail her, our own Ship of State;
Faiths we have lived by still shall avail her,
Hope at her prow, wing'd, expectant, elate.”

4TH SPEAKER.

“Of all the flags that float aloft
O'er Neptune's gallant stars,
Or wave on high in victory
Above the sons of Mars,

Give me our flag—Columbia's flag—
The emblem of the free,
And fling it out 'mid song and shout;
The Banner of the Sea."

5TH SPEAKER.

"When from sky to sky you float,
Far in wide savannas,
Vast horizons lost in light
Answer with hosannas,
Symbol of unmeasured power,
Blessed promise sealing,
All your hills are hills of God,
And all your founts are healing!"

6TH SPEAKER.

"There and there! 'Our stars forever!'
How it echoes! How it thrills!
Blot that banner? Why they bore it
When no sunset bathed the hills.
Now over Bunker see it billows,
Now at Bennington it waves,
Ticonderoga swells beneath
And Saratoga's graves!"

7TH SPEAKER.

"Oh! long ago at Lexington,
And above those minute-men,
The 'Old Thirteen' were blazing bright,—
There were only thirteen then!
God's own stars are gleaming through it,—
Stars not woven in its thread;
Unfurl it, and that flag will glitter
With the heaven overhead."

8TH SPEAKER.

“Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefield’s thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o’er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation’s cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!”

9TH SPEAKER. Let us salute our flag!

FLAG CAPTAIN. Color guard, to the front, march! [*The piano playing “To the Colors.” When the Color Guard arrives at the front and center, the Captain delivers the Colors to the Color Sergeant, the Guard and Captain saluting.*] About face! [*The Color Sergeant and Guard face the class or school.*] Right hand, salute! [*Executed by the Class or School and at the same time the Colors are dipped.*]

CLASS OR SCHOOL. [*Holding right hand in salute.*] “I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.”

SONG—“The Star Spangled Banner”—Francis Scott Key.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say can you see by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of
the fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in the air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh! say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On that shore dimly seen thro' the mists o'er the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected—now shines on the stream!

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner! Oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—

And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FLAG CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to your post, march.
[*The Color Guard proceeds to rear of the room, the piano
playing "To the Colors."* Signal—Class or School seated.]

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THE END



